

The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

71 Bannerman
Jy 30 9

VOL. I. NO. 15

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE SAINT OF GLENDALOUGH.

St. Kevin, Enshrined in the Hearts of Irish People.

THEIR LOVE OF HOME.

Their three-fold Characteristics are Singing, Sermonizing and Story-telling.

St. Kevin of Glendalough is familiar to almost every Catholic in Ireland; and for this reason everybody in Ireland knows something either of his name or of his holy life, be that something ever so small or fragmentary. And this general fact arises from everybody hearing of that something either by way of a pleasant song or whilst listening to a beautiful sermon, or, it may be, whilst giving ear or eye to some well told story, writes Rev. James Manning P.P. in the Wexford People. These three methods—the song, the sermon and the story—have ever been the unfailing means of acquiring all manner of knowledge with the children of Erin. The Irish are noted the world over for their attachment to home, to church and to country. They have deep down in their hearts feelings for each of these—affection for kindred, devotion to religion and loyalty to the land of their sires. In a nation like ours the exponents and the sustainers of these feelings are the songs of the people, the sermons of the church and the stories or relations of history. Every Irish Catholic then, as a matter of course, is possessed of this three-fold characteristic, which is inbred, so to say, in the very fibre of his soul. And as a simple, but certain consequence—the Irish as a people will always be fond of singing, of sermonizing and of story telling. Look at, then, as a common every day experience, open to us all, whether gentle or simple, thus to hear our holy Kevin's name mentioned and spoken of in this threefold way, times and times again—is it any wonder that our great saint's name should be familiar and an everliving one amongst us in this sweet green Isle of Erin? Yea! is it any wonder that that same holy name should be a famous and an undying one in other countries as well?

For ages, then, and for centuries, has Kevin lived, enshrined in the hearts of the people. The literature of the land has immortalized him at every period and in every form of its growth. Poetry has made him the theme after theme of her sweetest effusions. And history teems with testimonies as to Kevin being the saint of Glendalough, the saint of Erin and Great Britain, and the saint of all the ages of the church since the first dawning of religion's light over this western world. It would be an endless task to quote all the poems that speak expressively of our saint. We shall, then, rather confine ourselves to the work of adducing some, or a few, of the evidences of him in the pages of history.

History, as is known, is both ecclesiastical and national. According to the first, Kevin's name and fame are resplendent in the annals of the Catholic church. And in our own Irish church in particular, both these have been faithfully honored and venerated, century after century, till the present time. Moreover in the bright catalogue of our country's saints, Kevin's holy name may be seen to occupy third or fourth place. According to national history, if we but glance through the story of Ireland, we'll easily find that our dear saint's name was famed and as familiar there as in the records of the church, and just

as pre-eminent, compared with his contemporaries, the then mighty ones of the world, the kings and the chieftains of old Erin. In reading those eventful pages of the early days of our Christian era, we'll also find that the mere mention of Kevin's name will awaken in our minds many memories of pride and many memories of renown—memories of pride because of the brilliant sanctity and high perfection to which our saint attained in his long and laborious life; memories of renown because of the marvellous share and the conspicuous lead he took in the spreading of religion throughout ancient Leinster and the other provinces in the sixth and seventh centuries. The history of these two centuries in particular assures us that Kevin became the father and the ruler of hosts of monks, and the founder of countless monasteries besides the monastery of Glendalough. He also became the father and guide of most of the kings and chiefs and clans of Ancient Leinster. And these chiefs, and kings and clans, even after the lifetime of the saint, persevered for ages under the holy sway of Glendalough, a faith clearly evidenced by the long existing, but now, alas! long past diocese of that name. For centuries, too, after Kevin's own glorious days, his own holy name was a cherished one all through the land. 'Twas loved and revered by the high and lowly. It was taken commonly in baptism by the tribesmen, and worn just as proudly by their rulers. The monk in his cell paid his tribute of homage to this sweet name, because the glorified Kevin was his founder on earth and his patron in heaven. The nun, too, in her cloister joined in the daily tribute, because even to her Kevin was a bright guide in the ways of sanctity, and a powerful protector in the brighter realms to which she was aspiring. Thus we can see that in these bright ages of religion and of country, the triple instinct of the Celtic heart is able to bloom forth, and did bloom forth, in unmeasured fulness, while rendering fervently in Kevin's memory the three-fold tribute of love and devotion and homage.

For the present, passing over the middle ages, and just glancing at the dark ages; or at the penal times—those dire days for Erin, when the dark sorrow lay on the land like a pall, and dismal suffering standing, which arguing from the law of morals pronounces that some had to be endured by the people because Catholic and Celtic! The history of those times tells us that the persecuted forgot not, in their sorest distress, to invoke the saints of heaven, and brightest among them our own glorious Kevin of Glendalough! Even in these, our own modern days—days of piping peace and of sunny liberty, as they are—we, as their successors and descendants, are but striving to continue and pass on the noble traditions of such noble ancestors. Degenerate, indeed, and recreant would we be, if we did not manifest in some degree the national instincts of these ancestors—instincts which we now possess fully and freely, and as the grandest heritage of our race. But, no, thank God! we are neither degenerate, nor recreant, nor false. Our hearts to-day are as warm and as loving, as devoted and loyal to St. Kevin as in Erin's balmiest and best days. Ireland to-day, though not the Ireland of the chiefs and the tribes, as of yore, still honors and prizes the virtues and the miracles of St. Kevin. Here, too, in Leinster half of which, as before noted, formed the primal diocese of Glendalough, there subsists the olden grath and the olden devotedness for the holy Kevin, while in Wicklow county itself, the region of the saint's nativity, there still survives the memory of Kevin's life and Kevin's labors, and this memory is as green and as fresh and as perennial as in the ages long gone by.

MGR. CAPEL ON CONSCIENCE.

Its Supremacy Over All the Acts and Affairs of Life.

INFLUENCE IN EDUCATION.

Conscience of which we Speak is not a Faculty of the Soul, but an act of Judgment.

The Ten Commandments and the precepts of the Gospel constitute the principles of Christian morals. They are the law-taking precedence of all others. The codes of human legislators must never be in opposition to these. On them are we to fashion our lives, to them are we to conform our conduct. In other words, the good they command we must do, and the evil they prohibit we must avoid. On the fulfillment of the law depends true lasting peace of mind here on earth, and happiness or misery after death for ever and ever.

To no other doctrine of the Christian faith does Holy Scripture witness more clearly and explicitly. Of course all this is in strong contrast to the fictitious standard of right and wrong doing set up by the world of fashion or by the emotional fads of society.

To man is granted free will—that is the power or faculty of free choice, of determining its own acts. This free will is of itself blind and receives its sight or vision from knowledge obtained through the intellect. Hence it follows that to obey the commandments of the Lord we must know them. He who in infinite wisdom proclaimed His law to mankind established on earth likewise a body of expositors of such law to whom He promised divine assistance till the end of time. Through these a true knowledge of Christian morals is disseminated in the world to individuals.

Over and above this knowledge of general principles, every individual has to apply this law to his own particular acts. This is done by conscience. Conscience of which we speak is not a faculty of the soul; nor is it an act of judgment, the dark sorrow lay on the land like a pall, and dismal suffering standing, which arguing from the law of morals pronounces that some had to be endured by the people because Catholic and Celtic! The history of those times tells us that the persecuted forgot not, in their sorest distress, to invoke the saints of heaven, and brightest among them our own glorious Kevin of Glendalough! Even in these, our own modern days—days of piping peace and of sunny liberty, as they are—we, as their successors and descendants, are but striving to continue and pass on the noble traditions of such noble ancestors. Degenerate, indeed, and recreant would we be, if we did not manifest in some degree the national instincts of these ancestors—instincts which we now possess fully and freely, and as the grandest heritage of our race. But, no, thank God! we are neither degenerate, nor recreant, nor false. Our hearts to-day are as warm and as loving, as devoted and loyal to St. Kevin as in Erin's balmiest and best days. Ireland to-day, though not the Ireland of the chiefs and the tribes, as of yore, still honors and prizes the virtues and the miracles of St. Kevin. Here, too, in Leinster half of which, as before noted, formed the primal diocese of Glendalough, there subsists the olden grath and the olden devotedness for the holy Kevin, while in Wicklow county itself, the region of the saint's nativity, there still survives the memory of Kevin's life and Kevin's labors, and this memory is as green and as fresh and as perennial as in the ages long gone by.

According to Hoffman's Directory, the strongest sisterhood in this country is the Franciscan, which has including postulants, about 5,000 members. The sisters of Notre Dame come next, with 4000 nuns, counting as one all the different branches of the order; and then follows the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Sisters of Charity, each about 3,500 strong, and the Sisters of Mercy 3000. In addition to these communities, there are about fifty other sisterhoods represented in the United States. The strongest sisterhood, the Franciscan, leads in hospital work. The Sisters of Notre Dame stand at the head of the list as educators, having over 130,000 children in their schools and academies. Next to them come the Sisters of St. Joseph, with 80,000 pupils; the Franciscans, 75,000 and the Sisters of Mercy, 55,000. The Notre Dame and Franciscan Sisters are strongest in the centre and western states.

those who keep his precepts.

Conscience has therefore to be formed from the earliest dawn of intellect by instruction and meditation of the divine law and by acts of virtue to strengthen the will. At all times throughout life, we are bound to take all reasonable means to learn accurately our Christian duties. Should reasonable doubt arise for suspecting that our conscience is erroneous there is a strict obligation to become better informed. The ordinary means for this are consultation with the authorized expounders of Christ's teaching as well as with men of known goodness, careful meditation on God's word, and above all earnest prayer for light from above.

Under all circumstances be it remembered we are never allowed to act contrary to conscience. But we must not, indeed we cannot, always follow its inspiration. So long as the individual genuinely believes the Roman Catholic Church to be what enemies describe her to be, so long must the individual refuse to submit to her authority. But how such belief can be held in face of the statements of the Gospel of the present facilities of learning her true teaching, of the numerous learned men born in her bosom or who enter her from other communions, is a responsibility which the individual alone can explain. Like "Saul breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." Such a misinformed person will have to be asked "why persecutest thou me?"

In the last place no power ecclesiastical or civil can make it right and lawful to attempt to force a man to do that which his conscience unhesitatingly condemns as wrong. The whole difficulty about Catholics and the public school question rests on this. They believe that it is as much the duty of parents to educate their children as it is to feed, clothe and nurture them. They further believe that instruction alone is not education, but that the child's head and heart, or intellect and will, must both be trained—the heart needing it more than the head. Both, they hold, should go on simultaneously. And while this is necessary to all, it is specially needed for the children of those who have but little time to spare from hard toil. Such parents look to the school to supply what cannot be done by them at home.

There religious practices, religious motives, can be added to religious instruction. Believing this, conscience makes them refuse to accept mere secular instruction. They are desirous to have all the 'ologies demanded by the State taught in their schools. This conscientious conviction leads to the injustice they suffer and feel of paying not only taxes for the public schools, but also the further payment for supporting their own.

IS A UNION POSSIBLE?

The Holy Father Preparing an Appeal to the Anglicans.

EFFECTS OF HIS MESSAGE.

The Most Marked Encouragement Received from the United States and England.

that was said, done and proposed. Started by what he learned, and by these new currents of thought, he began a broad inquiry into the manner of entering into relations with the Anglican church. From this inquiry will come a document in the form of a special appeal to Englishmen separated from Rome.

In a matter so delicate when the slightest misunderstanding might put an end to this prelude to an agreement, I should not like to express an opinion, which might be a bold guess. I am a mirror, not a judgment seat. I relate only; I draw no conclusions. But what I know is that the nobles minds, the most startling characters on either side are watching the course of this episode with intense interest. It is now two centuries since any voice in any camp has been able, or has dared, to make an appeal for the reconciliation of the opposing forces. It seemed as though the religious commonwealth, if I may use a phrase which belongs to a different order of things, had become a desert. All long contests bring with them long alliances, and this long silence of Christian hearts has been a mystery, a strange fact; one of those lapses from the ideal which history shows us occur at the beginning of all great moral revolutions. Hatreds, misunderstandings, the rabies theologica, polemical writings, doctrinal differences, the divergencies in service, have worn an impassable gulf between the churches where Christ is worshipped. This silence or this struggle has brought to our century an exhaustion of the religious element in its social organization, and the moral atrophy is one of the causes of national, political and economic disruption. With knowledge of this wasting away of the blood of Christianity, isolated cries have been uttered which were swept away in the whirl of public opinion, and buried under the icy breath of indifference. To lift and rend a century's shroud there was need of a central man, of what Taine in his psychology of letters calls "the representative of the surroundings." There was need of a genius who could captivate the imaginations of men, and who at the same time had delegated to him an extraordinary authority that could overcome the combination of all prejudices and the conjunction of all opposition. That man is Leo XIII.

A comprehensive intellect in every breath from without, a conciliating and pacifying Pontiff, open to every generous thought, to every beneficent plan, he has thought that he has seen in the souls of good men the desire of unity. The crumbling away of systems, the scattering of moral forces, the need of a renewal of the ideal, the intellectual and religious poverty from which we suffer; the uneasiness with which we watch the storm clouds on the horizon, have these not influenced the almost heroic will of the Vates of the sacred mount? What will be the Pope's offer to the Anglicans? The near future will reveal that. What is certain is that Leo XIII. will not demand blind submission or the sacrifice of the intelligence.

Joseph McCarthy, in a recent letter, says: "The desire for Home Rule is absolutely inextinguishable among the Irish people. The carrying of Home Rule means ascertain as any thing in human affairs can be—as certain, let us say, as the rising of to-morrow's sun." Now let those who talk so much about the Home Rule cause having been sold out, shut up.

Happy is the man whose life is one long Te Deum! He will save his own soul, but he will not save it alone, but many others also. Joy is not a solitary thing, and he will come at last to his master's feet bringing many others rejoicing with him, the resplendent trophies of his grateful love.—Faber.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Items of Catholic Interest from all Sections.

The name-day of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has been commemorated by a service in the national German Church of St. Maria dell' Anima at Rome, Mgr. De Nekere, titular Archbishop of Melitene, pontificated. Mgr. Sembravotin and Sogare were present, and Cardinals Rampolla, Segna, and Steinheuer assisted in heart.

The Chapter General of the Congregation of the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales assembled at Annecy has elected Superior-General, in substitution of the late Father Tison, Father Eugene Gorgon, actually Director of the Seminary of Vizapatam, which the missionaries founded eight years ago in the Indies.

A Madonna, attributed to Raphael, has been discovered in the recent restoration of San Lorenzo at Verona. The painting was found among the lumber, and together with it was picked up an altar piece, the work of the Veronese painter, Niccolò Giolino.

A dispatch to the London Chronicle from Rome says that news has been received at the Vatican of the destruction of several mission stations in China. The inmates, it is said, were killed and other Christians are menaced. The Vatican will appeal to the powers for the protection of its missions and missionaries in China.

News has reached Rome that at Garpardagna, in Bengal, over eighty Protestants have lately become Catholics. Conversions have also taken place in other districts.

It is stated that His Holiness will (says Reuter) shortly address a special appeal to the clergy of the Anglican Church on the subject of reunion.

It is said that the Encyclical to the Bishops of the United States will be printed and published at Washington, in order that incomplete and incorrect summaries of it may not appear in the newspapers.

A splendid picture of the Pope and the sixty-three Cardinals composing the actual Sacred College has been executed by the photographer, De Federicis, and has elicited the warmest encomiums from His Holiness. It is really a most interesting historical record of the chief living luminaries of the Church.

Mgr. Ferrata, Apostolic Nuncio in France, has arrived in Paris from Rome.

The Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See, Senor Merry del Val, has arrived from Madrid at Rome, and is bearer of instructions relative to relations between the Church and State in Spain.

The Russian Minister to the Holy See, Iswolski, is back in Rome, and will be joined in a week or so by Saxonoff, Secetary of Legation.

The action of M. Bourgeois, formerly a contractor and builder of the Lourdes church, against Emile Zola and his publishers, was called for trial in Paris on the 24th ult. but was postponed by mutual consent until December 19. Probably it will be settled meantime. The cause for the action was given in Zola's novel, "Lourdes."

It is to be hoped that the rumor is exaggerated which says that the scholarly rector of the Catholic University, Monsignor Keane, is in danger of losing his eyesight. Such a calamity would be widely deplored, for there is no question but what Bishop Keane has contributed more than any other single individual to the notable measure of success the Washington university has attained during the brief period of its existence. His resignation of his post would create a vacancy which the trustees would find it very difficult to fill adequately; and for his own sake, as well as for that of the university, it is to be trusted that this rumor will not prove correct.

One of the obstacles in the way of that reconciliation of the separated Oriental churches with Rome which the Holy Father is trying to effect is the contrary influence exerted by some of the European powers that have interests in the East. France, despite her Catholic traditions, is an offender in this regard, and it seems that this influence is now being exerted against the Holy See, as the Armenian patriarch at Constantinople notified the Vatican the other day that, in conse-

quence of opposition that had arisen, he would be obliged to defer until later in the year the visit in furtherance of that reconciliation that he expected to make to Rome this month.

An appeal that differs from the usual run of the ones he receives is that addressed to Monsignor Satelli by the Servite fathers of the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Chicago, who protest against a division of their parish that has recently been made by Archbishop Feehan. Father Baldi, the superior of the Servites in this country, who is located at this church, says the parish has already been divided three times, and avers that if this latest division stands the church will not be able to support itself, as it will leave only the poorest people in the parish within its limits. The case has been forwarded to the apostolic delegate for settlement.

Bishop Hennessey of Wichita, questioned by the New York Voice whether he had ever given any instruction to his flock regarding the liquor traffic, facetiously but very effectively replied as follows: "As Kansas is a prohibition state we are supposed to have nobody engaged in the liquor trade, and no need, therefore, for special legislation in our diocese for that class of merchants. Our people are sadly in need of water, and any movement tending to supply that kind of liquor will receive our hearty endorsement."

The Catholics of France continue to subscribe over \$15,000 a month for the completion of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre.

One hundred bishops in various parts of the world and 4,000 churches are leagued with the Montmartre church in the practice of the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Holy Father will hold another consistory in the month of December next. Several very important changes will be made in the hierarchy.

The Very Rev. Bonaventure Frey, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Yonkers, has been elected American Provincial of the Capuchin Order. For the future he will reside at the monastery at Detroit.

The creation of a legation of the Argentine Republic to the Holy See is affirmed to be immediately expected.

Rev. Thomas Murphy, S. J., formerly rector of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, England, is dead.

THE COURT OF INQUIRY.

General Dimond's Report Sustained by its Findings.

Ever since the memorable movement of the National Guard at Sacramento on the Fourth of July, there has been a constant division of opinion as to the responsibility for the failure to "capture the depot." General Dimond, as the commander of the National Guard, in his report to the Governor, issued soon after, dwelt in detail upon the various incidents of that and subsequent days, and showed that the responsibility for the failure rested on others than his.

As a necessary result of this report, a court of inquiry was held, which entered into an exhaustive inquiry, to determine the various questions arising out of it, and at the same time determine if possible in whom censure should lie.

After several weeks of patient listening to the testimony of all concerned, a report was formulated and presented to the Governor. This has recently been published and is quite a lengthy document. It enters into all the details, and places the blame where it properly belongs. It, however, sustains the position assumed by General Dimond in his original report, and shows, that as commander of the forces, he did all in his power for the proper care and handling of the men under him. That a massacre was averted on that day by his actions is plainly evident by reading the full report of the court of inquiry. That some of the other officers in charge of the divisions of troops were not as prompt in obeying orders as they should be, is also made evident, and consequently the blame for the failure of the troops to enter the depot on that day does not rest on the shoulders of General Dimond.

His term as Major-General of the National Guard will expire in a short while and it must be gratifying to Gen. Dimond to know that in the most important movement during the many years he has been identified with our State militia, his actions are sustained after a searching and thorough investigation.

OUR GREAT OFFER.

Brief Summary of an Unparalleled Premium Offer.

We have received numerous letters during the past week in reference to our premium offer, and for the benefit of subscribers who desire to take advantage of its terms reiterate it this week.

For those who send us \$4.65, we will send a magnificent crayon portrait, entitled a True Likeness of Our Savior, framed in a three-inch oak frame, with handsome passepartout, already boxed for shipment to any part of the world, and a copy of this paper for one year. This offer is limited, and those who desire to obtain this magnificent picture should order it at once.

Our second offer is for \$1.50 and 10 cents, to pay postage, to send you a copy of this paper for one year, and an elegantly printed map of Ireland, size 24x4 feet, printed in twelve colors. The retail value of this map alone is \$1.50, so you practically get this paper for nothing.

For our third offer we will receive \$1.00 send you the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for three months and execute for you a crayon portrait, size 17x14 inches, in the highest style of the art. These pictures are superior to any yet offered, and will warrant the closest study. As the price of the paper for three months is 40 cents, the picture, therefore, will only cost 60 cents, but will not be supplied to any but subscribers. Cut a coupon from the paper, enclose \$1.00 in coin, money order or stamps, with your photograph. If the picture is not satisfactory your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Address all orders to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, room 10, Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

The New Monthly.

Some time ago mention was made in these columns of the proposed publication of a new Catholic monthly, to be known as The Catholic Record. Thos. J. O'Neil, who has charge of the new venture, will issue the first number about the 15th inst. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year. Mr. O'Neil is an earnest worker, and has already secured a large subscription list. He promises furthermore to give a new and readable paper. We bespeak for the Record a cordial welcome.

Convent Schools.

Why do some Protestant and Hebrew parents send their daughters to convent schools? In order that their innocence may be safeguarded while their mind is being educated. That is the answer. The parents know well the dangers that surround their girls in secular schools and fashionable boarding colleges; they know also that in the Sisters' care their darlings will be kept from evils. Forbidden knowledge will be closed to them. Dangerous books will not be allowed in their hands. Improper amusements will be prohibited. The love of virtue will be inoculated. Purity will be revered. Obedience will be made a habit. Truthfulness will be deemed indispensable. Industry will be honored in the practice. By example as well as precept, goodness, gentleness and gracefulness will be taught.

Treasures of the Catacombs.

In the catacomb of St. Priscilla at Rome a picture of the Blessed Virgin painted on the wall and a series of pictures referring to the Eucharist and representing the faithful in the act of receiving communion were laid bare by the removal of the stalactite coating which had covered them. The paintings date from the beginning of the second century, and may have been made during the life time of St. John. The catacomb is one of the most ancient in Rome and is the only one where the name of Peter, which here occurs seven times, is found.

Ex-Priest Chiniquy Facing Death

The career of Chiniquy, the oldest and most notorious of the ex-priests, is about to close. Montreal dispatches say he is lying at the point of death in that city. Chiniquy has recently been delivering his anti-Catholic tirades in the East and on returning from Albany was stricken down, his age precluding all hopes of recovery.

HAZE.

Oh, hazy days of royal tint, a sweet celestial smoke Impurifies all the fading world and folds its mystic cloak About my soul till substance seems a weird, illusive thing. And only vapory visions of enchantment round me swing.

The rugged road and duty's load are blurred by restful mist; A gentle presence leads me on to some idyllic track Beyond the hills, to meet, perchance, the spirit of my dream— The priestess of a blissful realm, where peace is all supreme.

—George E. Bowen in Chicago Inter Ocean.

IN A MEXICAN MARKET.

Parrots, Poppies, Scrap Iron and Boiled Grasshoppers For Sale.

The articles seen in the market I will here give as they were written down during a Sunday morning visit, says a writer in the New York Advertiser. One department is under cover and is filled with assorted fruits, including oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, pears, peaches, plums, bananas, quinces, alligator pears, cocoanuts and many other tropical fruits, most of which, owing to the high market tax and costly transportation, sell at about New York prices. The streets and sidewalks in the vicinity are lined with men, women and children, who are seated on the ground surrounded by their market products, which include, besides the ordinary vegetable market product, parrots, pigeons, unweaned puppies, game chickens, pet lambs, haltered pigs and kids. Then there are heaps of old iron, birdcages, cheap calico, brass jewelry, boiled corn, potatoes, stewed pumpkins, beans, pepper, cooked and raw pigs' feet, sheep heads, hearts, livers and entrails. There are also flints and tinder for starting fires, metal mounted stone for grinding corn, roots, bark and medical herbs and dyewood. Close by we see fried shrimp and grasshoppers. Each are cooked whole and eaten so. The latter are about the size of our common grasshopper, but are entirely red, but as to looks I would just as soon try to go to the common "hopper" of the north. Besides these the natives gather the eggs of the swamp fly and boil them into a paste and eat them with salt, chili (pepper) and tortillas. The fly and its eggs are each sold in the market. The former is somewhat smaller than the house fly, while the eggs are about the size and color of a hayseed. In fact, everything is eaten here that the human stomach will digest or anything that is capable of being converted into soup.

Odorless Flowers.

One who has taken a walk through Shaw's garden will hardly believe the assertion that the majority of the flowers of the world are without odor, but such is the case. Take the flora of Europe as an illustration. Four thousand and two hundred species and varieties of flowers have been named and classified by the botanists of that country, and it has been found that less than 10 per cent of the whole give forth distinguishable odors or have perceptible colors. The very commonest flowers of the world are white, colorless varieties predominating by at least one-third, and only one-sixth of that class are odoriferous. In Europe there are 1,194 species of white flowers, only 200 of which are fragrant. In the same country they have 951 kinds of yellow flowers, of which number only 77 are odoriferous. Out of 823 varieties of red flowers they only have 84 that give forth odor, and in 9 of these "the smell is far from being fragrant." Of the 594 blue species only 34 are fragrant and of the 808 violet blues only 13. Next week we will give a "note" entitled "The Odor of Flowers," which will give many curious points in that branch of botanical knowledge.—St. Louis Republic.

Three Suns and an Inverted Rainbow.

The following is taken literally word for word from a rare copy of the Brighton (England) Advertiser of June 6, 1797: "A rare phenomenon is reported from St. Malo. Recently during the afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 5, three perfect suns were seen all in a row above the western horizon. The sky was very clear at the time, and there was no one who saw the unusual sight that believes it to have been a mirage or other atmospheric illusion. The central seemed more brilliant than his two luminous attendants, and between the three there seemed to be a communication in the shape of waves of light composed of all the prismatic colors. At about the same time a rainbow made its appearance at a short distance above the central sun, upside down—that is to say, the two ends pointed toward the zenith and the bow's neck toward the horizon."

To Whom It May Interest.

A middle aged lady dressed in a brown silk entered a crowded cab on the North Side.

A young man in a corduroy suit half rose, glanced at her and sat down again. Should this meet the eye of the middle aged lady dressed in the brown silk she will be interested in learning that the young man in the corduroy suit is a lover of birds.

And she will recall the fact that she wore on her bonnet the stuffed remains of four ruby throated humming birds.—Chicago Tribune.

An Economical Father.

Smith—No, I never take the newspaper home. I've a family of grownup daughters, you know.

Jones—Papers too full of crimes, eh?

Smith—No. Too full of bargain sales. No man or woman is altogether advertisement proof.—Art In Advertising

The land of Mexico is held in feudal tenure by about 7,000 families. Patents are issued to all who ask for them, and the government leaves the question of priority to be fought out in the courts.

A late gleaner of Biblical curios says that Solomon's famous temple was only 107 feet long, 36 feet wide and 54 feet in height.

THE CZAR'S DOCTOR.

He Is an Eccentric Man and Insists Upon Having His Way in the Sickroom.

Dr. Zacharin, who has been treating the czar, is known as one of the most impolite men—to use no stronger expression—in his profession. He is a fierce democrat and has respect for no one. Like Professor Schweninger, the physician of Bismarck, he insists upon the literal execution of his orders, it matters not who the patient may be, and will brook no interference. He is a man of middle age and began life as a butcher boy. He has become one of the richest men in Russia by his practice.

When the malady of the czar began to look serious a few weeks ago, the emperor at once asked that Zacharin be sent for. A telegram was dispatched to the governor of Moscow, says one of the imperial attendants in the Copenhagen Politiken, ordering him to send Zacharin to St. Petersburg. The adjutant of the governor found the professor in his clinic and asked him to make as rapid preparations as possible, as the fast train would leave the city for the capital in a few hours.

"The fast train? What?" was the professor's answer. "The emperor of Russia sick, and you talk of the fast train! Will you kindly order me an 'extra,' which must be ready in half an hour?"

At the time appointed he started for St. Petersburg, and arriving there hurried with an adjutant to the castle.

"His majesty awaits you, professor," said a chamberlain, who received him at the entrance. "Your rooms are at the head of the stairway, and you will find everything in readiness to make your toilet after the journey."

"Toilet!" answered the physician. "His majesty is sick and wants my advice, not to see me in 'toilet.' Take me to him at once."

The emperor was lying in bed in a dark room. All the windows were closed, and the curtains were down. The empress sat in a rocking chair next to the bed. Three body physicians stood about the room. Zacharin entered the room, made his obeisance to the imperial pair, but almost totally disregarded the presence of his colleagues.

"What an atmosphere! It is disease breeding. And in this atmosphere you allow Russia's sick emperor to lie? Quick! Put back the curtains and raise the windows." Such was his first order.

He than became silent and began a thorough examination of his patient. Then, taking a chair, he rested his arm on his knee and began to think. Almost ten minutes passed without his uttering more than a half dozen words. As the other physicians, who apparently did not like his action, began to talk softly to one another, he rapped with his pen-cil and told them to "be still."—New York Tribune.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A Version Being Prepared In England Which Will Exclude Uncommon Words.

A people's version of the New Testament is being prepared by a company of ladies and gentlemen who think they will improve the Scriptures by excluding words and idioms not in common use. The Manchester Guardian prints this sample of supposed improvement:

"And why do you trouble about clothes? Notice the wild lilies how they are growing. They do not toil, nor do they spin, yet I tell you that even Solomon in all his grandeur did not dress as well as one of these. Now, if God clothes in this way even the wild plants which today are living and tomorrow are to be made fuel for the oven, will he not much rather clothe you, you men of little faith? Do not then trouble yourselves with such questions as what are we to eat, what are we to drink, what are we to wear. For all these things are what the heathen nations make their aim. For your heavenly father knows that you need all these things."

England's Temperance Party.

The temperance party have given the government notice privately that they refuse to tolerate any delay next session in passing the bill giving local control over the liquor trade, a measure which Gladstone recently denounced as impracticable. The threat has some political importance, because there are about a dozen extreme temperance men in the house of commons, who, although Liberals, are prepared to vote against the government if they should be further fooled on this question. Their allegiance to the party is certain to be put to the breaking strain test, because the whole time of the next session is already virtually pledged to other matters.—London Letter.

The Esthetic Oscar.

"The disciples of the esthetic, Oscar Wilde, who still treasure his picture as it was graven on their memory in his visit to this country a few years ago," says a woman just home from abroad, "would never recognize the man today. He dresses in quite the extreme of the fashions of the moment. His cravat is enormous, and his long frock coat is a little longer than anybody's else. He wears a gold chain bracelet, and on the little finger of his left hand are so many rings that the stone almost touches his nail. Almost the only remnant of 'Sunflower Oscar Wilde' is his hair, which he still wears long, though now it is parted."

It's an Ill Wind, Etc.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME.

Hanning me ever, there comes and goes
A line from an old song's tender close,
Its burden the sweetest—the saddest, too,
For the altered lives it has echoed through—
"Love, had you loved me!" The words are few,
But through them are infinite passion flows.
"Love, had you loved me!" Perhaps the key
To many a grief this thought may be:
To a sorrow that stirs at the magic strain
And steps from its prison, barred in vain,
To crush with the old, relentless pain.
The heart that has guarded it faithfully.
Ah, fondest and truest, whose brown eyes
shine
With the tenderest lovelight, I am thine
Forever, thou heart of my heart, and yet
The breath of an April violet
Wakens a longing, a deep regret
For eyes as blue, that were never mine.
"Love, had you loved me!" what life would be
Attuned to that passionate melody!
Sad hearts unblest, that must still repine
For the draft untasted of love's rich wine,
Bitter the memories that haunt this line
Of "Love, had you loved me!"—so mournfully.
—Ella M. Sexton.

A MAN OF PREY.

Toward Singapore, out of the sunset
glare, a long, slashing schooner came
spanking in before the southwest mon-
soon at a pace which procured for her
from prahu, lorcha and sampang an un-
commonly wide berth. Off Pulo Pan-
jan, however, the stranger put his helm
down, got in his square canvas and
went away, close hauled, west by north
along the coast.

"See that, Sam?" and Proddy of
Proddy & Newman let his schooner go
out as he gaped after the flying schooner.
Proddy had been over to Bintang, and
Sam was skipper of his little steam
yacht.

"Aye, sir, I see that, and I see the rea-
son of it, too," and Sam pointed to a
streaming wisp of yellow at the top of a
headless palm on Panjan point.
"Schooner hauled her wind the instant
that bit o' bunting went aloft."

"Private signal, eh? And quarantine
colors too! Devilish odd! Don't concern
us, though!" and Proddy, the pot bel-
lied, lit another Manila.

Over the domestic establishment of
Simon Proddy, Esq., presided a lady
who rejoiced in a stearine complexion,
a velvety eye and hair for length and
blackness like unto a horse's tail, but
who, despite French habiliments and an
English education, was a China woman
pure and simple.

"A wonderful woman, sir!" would
Proddy say. "Worth any half a dozen
white women I ever knew! And the
best of it is that her sisters and her
cousins and her aunts are God knows
where! Couldn't quite stand them, you
know!"

But, all unknown to Proddy, his
brevet wife possessed a father—a sophis-
ticated old sinner, who dabbled with
dubious irons in mysterious fires and
carried about as much rascality to the
square inch as any in Singapore. And
little thought Proddy, when he one day
ordered off his premises a doddering,
old, spectacled Chow, that into that
astute brain of Mrs. Proddy's respected
parent there had that very moment been
born a scheme for the conversion into a
valuable security of his, Proddy's, sub-
stantial person.

Well, up the old Singapore strait the
mysterious schooner had let go her
anchor. In here, between the back of
the island and the mainland, the son-
wester came but faintly, and the Ra-
phael H. Semmes, under lee of Tanjong
Bela, lay stirless and silent upon an ink
mirror. Her forestay showed no "riding
light," nor through the tarpaulin blin-
ded skylight could come any glimmer
from below, where lounged a frock coated
and pot-hatted little man of slender
build and mild, reflective eye. There
wasn't much to indicate the most reck-
less desperado the archipelago had ever
seen—a deserted from the famous Ala-
bama during her visit to the strait in
1865. Crooky Dixon had since sailed slap
through many a law of many a nation,
and, though report perhaps exaggerated
in asserting that he ought long ago
to have adorned a yardarm, it was cer-
tain that he hadn't acquired his pleas-
ing appellation for nothing. But now
the Crocodile, with a black trichinopoly
in its jaws and a bottle of Madeira at
its elbow, appeared a gentle beast
enough and of an excellent conscience,
a fact which, to those who knew the
reptile best, boded very ill for some-
body.

"At here, master, now come. Very
great thing to want to settle at now
quick."

Away among the islands, toward the
back of the island, Proddy had a gam-
bler plantation, the overseer whereof
was Whang Lo, and Whang Lo's Eng-
lish, as above presented, Proddy under-
stood well enough. But what he didn't
understand—as he told the lemon tinted
Mrs. Proddy—was what the devil it
could be that required his presence in
such a hurry! If it was another cooly
nabbed by a tiger, he'd wake the au-
thorities up to some purpose! The brutes
were breeding on the island like rab-
bits, and the reward wasn't quarter big
enough!

About an hour after Proddy, growl-
ing thus, had departed into the dark-
ness, Mrs. Proddy, idly turning over
Whang Lo's screed, discovered on the
back thereof three tiny Chinese charac-
ters, of which—so far had English dis-
placed her hereditary language—she un-
derstood but one. That one, however,
was enough—it signified "danger"—
and in three minutes Mrs. Proddy was
on her way to the nearest police tannah.
"Do not come!" translated the old
Javani sergeant—"Danger!—the croo-
dile! The true word, this, on back!" he
added promptly. "Bad men make he
write the other—this when nobdy look,
he put, so Misss Proddy no come!" And
then, with Mrs. Proddy, the acute old
man sent off a peon to the central office.
Here she had a short interview with the
superintendent, who, in turn, had, 20
minutes later, a short interview with the
lieutenant commanding her majes-
ty's gunboat Flicker.

"Oh, that tuffian Dixon!" Lieutenant
Dawson said. "Why, we're getting
team up now to go around and see what

he's about at the back of the island!
What dy'e make of this Proddy busi-
ness?"

"Case of ransom, I take it! This
Dixon's brought off something of the
kind before up Penang way. They've
nabbed old Proddy at his plantation by
this time, I expect, and, if they can,
they'll run him over to some den on the
Bornean coast and keep him till gov-
ernment or the merchants come down
with something handsome. The so called
Mrs. Proddy's father is about the big-
gest scoundrel in Singapore, and I fancy
he's in this job with Crooky. If so, the
negotiations would be made through him—but, meantime, it's your own part
to burst up this pleasing little arrange-
ment!"

Old Proddy—for all his stomach—de-
fended himself like a paladin and had
to be knocked on the head with a boat
stretcher, so that he knew no more un-
til, peeping through a port at break of
day, he saw a misty shore slide slowly
past him, as before a gentle air the
schooner stood eastward under every
stitch she could spread.

"That shore, Proddy, Esq., is Obin
island, from which little suckumstance
you'll judge that we're a standin to the
eastward out of this here hell trap of a
strait of yours. An, as to what we're
a-takin you, Proddy, Esq.,—that you'll
find out before you're a powerful deal
older!"

"You'll have the Tickler after you
before you're much older!" snorted the
astonished Proddy.

"Hardly that, Proddy, Esq.! You see
there won't be no muss made about you
before this evenin, and, as we'll catch
the monsoon strong again in the offin
your footy little smoke pot of a Tickler
will jest hev the hull universal ocean
to overhaul for us by to-mor—Great
Jefferson!" and down went Crooky's
jaw, as, glancing through the port, a
slender trail of smoke led down his eye
to a little white hull just roundin
Franklin point.

In three seconds Crooky was on deck
—rapid, resolute and cool. "Chased
sooner than we expected, lads! Not get
away now with Proddy, Esq.—but
without him, I guess we'll fix it! Get
the dingy over the side—smart, now!
We'll send his friends on a little excur-
sion to rescoo him from a wat-ter-
gave-ale!"

Within three minutes the dingy was
adrift, with a bit of canvas set for'ard,
and Proddy—lest he should douse it—
lashed to a ringbolt in the stern sheets.
The resourceful Crooky, bringing the
wind upon his port quarter, stood away
due north, between Obin and Tukang.

Aboard the gunboat there was no
hesitation. Reluctantly a course was
shaped for the little waf, scarce visible
now against the sunrise, as faster and
faster the freshening wind drove her out
to sea, so that by the time the drenched
and stiffened Proddy had been hoisted
aboard the Tickler the namesake of the
Alabama's captain was being warped
into a winding offshoot of the Johore
river, wherein, with topmasts housed,
she lay snug till dark. Then, with the
ebb, she dropped down again to sea, and
sunrise found her well away into the
gulf of Siam.

Mrs. Proddy had her reward in two
installments. The first when before high
heaven the grateful Proddy confirmed her
wife's status; the second when by
the orders of the secret society of which
her estimable parent was an ornament,
her cook, a member also of the "hoey,"
mixed something with her morning cof-
fee that speedily made of Proddy the in-
consolable widower he is to this day.—
Alexander Montgomery in *Sydney Bulletin*.

Fate.

Long she stood at the window and
mused. The rays of the setting sun en-
tangled themselves in her Titian hair
or surrounded her glorious height of 5
feet 8 with an aureate halo. Proud,
queenly, limbed like a goddess, she was
indeed a magnificent specimen of femi-
ninity.

"Strange," she muttered. And then
she was off, half pitying, half happy smile
fitted across her face like a gleam of
April sunshine.

"Strange," she said again, "to think
that I, who only six short months ago
was the quarter back of the Emancipat-
Maidens' football eleven, should
have lost my heart to a man whose col-
lar is a size and a half smaller than
mine. But such is fate. And I love
him."

Carelessly picking up a 40 pound
dumbbell, she tossed it out of the win-
dow and across the lot and then sought
her boudoir.—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Washing Glass.

When possible, a wooden or paper
tub should be used in washing glass. A
soft silver brush, soft cloths for wash-
ing and soft linen towels for wiping
also are necessary. Have the water cool
enough to bear the hand in comforta-
bly. Make a strong suds with hard soap.
The second dish of water should be of
the same temperature. Wash each piece
carefully, rubbing with the soft cloth
then put in the rinsing water. When
four or five pieces have been washed,
spread a coarse towel on an old tray
and place the glass on this to drain.
Wipe the hands dry and then wipe the
pieces of glass with a perfectly clean,
dry towel. Rub gently to polish.—
Detroit News.

His Full Name.

In the Independent James Payne says
that in the beginning of the present cen-
tury an American sea captain, having
some business in a public office in Lon-
don, was very tedious in the operation
of signing his name. As it happened to
be Papp, this annoyed the official, who
thought his valuable time was being
wasted, but as it happened he was mis-
taken. The captain had only written
his full name, "Through-much-tribula-
tion - we - enter - into - the - king-dom-of-
heaven Papp." "May I ask you?" said
the official, "what your mother called
you when she wanted you?" "Well,
sir, when I was little," was the grave
reply, "they used to call me Tribby."

GHOSTS OF THE SEA.

SAILORS DREAD TO SEE THE SHIPS
THAT NEVER SAILED.

An Old Salt Tells of His First Experience
With a Phantom Ship—While a Terrible
Hurricane Howls It Rides Easily
With All Sails Set.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who
has followed the sea as boy and man
for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"These tales of the

The California Catholic

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Henry I. Fisher, Editor & Publisher
OFFICE, 628 Montgomery St., San FranciscoSUBSCRIPTION RATES—\$1.50 per year, strictly
in advance.Postage prepaid in the United States, Canada
and Mexico. To all other countries, 50 cents
year additional. Portions of year, pro rata
No papers sent to any address after expiration
of the time for which payment has been made.
Trade supplied by the San Francisco News
Company. For sale by all newsdealers.Make all checks, drafts, express and post-office
orders payable to HENRY I. FISHER, 628 Mont-
gomery St., San Francisco, Cal.ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SAN FRAN-
CISCO, CAL., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devo-
tion.In the Churches and Chapels in the
Diocese of San Francisco, for the
month of November.Nov. 11th—Twenty-sixth Sunday after
Pentecost.St. Rose's, San Francisco.
Old St. Mary's, College, San
Francisco.CALENDAR
For the Week Ending Saturday, November 18th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Nov. 11, Sunday—26th after Pente-
cost—St. Martin, Bp. (Tours, 400.)Nov. 12, Monday—St. Martin I., P.
M. (655.)Nov. 13, Tuesday—St. Stanislas Kost-
ka (S. J. 1586.) St. Lawrence

O'Toole, Bp. (1181.)

Nov. 14, Wednesday—St. Joseph,

Bp. M. (1623.)

Nov. 15, Thursday—St. Gertrude, V.

(O. S. B., 1301.)

Nov. 16, Friday—St. Edmund, Bp.

(1240.)

Nov. 17, Saturday—St. Gregory Won-
der-worker, Bp. (270.) St. Hugh,

Bp. 1200.

"Lead us not into Tem-
tation."The suggested translation of
the Lord's Prayer by Mr.
Jaunaris, who claims to be
learned in modern, post classi-
cal and classical Greek, is much
exercising the press secular
and religious. He denies that
the authorized English version
is a faithful representation of
the original. The petition,
"lead us not into temptation"
cannot, says he, be reconciled
either with the precepts of the
Gospel or logic. His proposed
translation is "let us not fall
into a tempter's snare." Cath-
olics have the same translation
as Anglicans; but the note in
the Douay Bible on the pas-
sage is: "Suffer us not to be
overcome by the temptation." And this is the rendering in
French: "N'e nous laissez pas
succomber à la tentation." The
authorized catechisms used by
our children in all countries
give the same signification to
the passage, Deharbe's Cate-
chism, which has run through
thirty editions in Germany and
has been translated and pub-
lished in the United States, is
one of the most universally ap-
proved expositions of Catholic
doctrine has:

A Drawn Battle.

The result of the election in
this state is one that affords a
great deal of thought for Cath-
olic voters. We find that after
all the vituperative abuse which
has been heaped upon the A.
P. A. that that organization
has succeeded in electing a
majority of the men endorsed
by it. The few isolated cases
where a different result has
been obtained, only confirm the
general principle. In the case
of Adolph Sutro, at the eleventh
hour, an attack was made upon
him, because unsought, an en-
dorsement had been given him,
which he had not repudiated.
Those who are acquainted with
Mr. Sutro, know that his ideas
are entirely antagonistic to the
principles of that organization,
and his election does not signify
a triumph for it.A similar state of affairs
exists in the case of Mr. Budd.
The Post threw a boomerang,
and he and Jackson Temple,
share the honors of being the
only Democrats elected on the
state ticket. It must also be a
source of pleasure to the man-
agement of a local Catholic
weekly to review the results of
their work. The "sewer rats"
have crawled out of the sewer,
and shoved their opponents in it.
This result is traceable to
no other cause than that the
American people resent an in-
decency style of campaign. The
constant abuse and strong lan-
guage with which its columns
were filled, week after week,
did more to result in the tri-
umph of Apaism, than any other"Q. By whom are we
tempted to sin?"1. By our own flesh or Con-
cupiscence; 'for the flesh lust-
eth against the spirit.' (Gal.
V. 17);2. By the world—i. e., by
its vain pomps, bad examples,
and wicked maxims; and3. By the Devil 'who as a
roaring lion; goeth about seek-
ing whom he may devour' (I

Pet. V. 8.)

"Q. Why does God permit
us to be tempted?"
1. To keep us humble;
2. To try our faithfulness, or
to punish our unfaithfulness;
and3. To increase our zeal for
virtue, and our merits."Q. Is temptation in itself a
sin?"Temptation in itself is not a
sin; but to expose ourselves
heedlessly to temptation, or to
yield to it is a sin. For our
consolation and instruction
Christ Himself allowed the
Devil to tempt him. (Matt.
IV.)"What must we do in order
that we may not yield?"We must specially watch and
pray as Christ our Lord says:
'Watch ye and pray that ye enter
not into temptation, (Matt.
XXVI, 41.)In his commentary on S.
Matthew, Dr. McCarthy, vice-
president of Maynooth, writes:
"But why is this unwilling per-
mission set forth as if it were a
positive act on the part of God?
Do not lead us into temptation?
Because though God permits
the evil, he does not deliver
the sinner, but suffers him to
fall through his own fault. He
interposes at times also by the
subtraction of his abundant
grace from hardened sinners,
or the withdrawal of temporal
blessings or even the bestowal
of these blessings which be-
come the occasion of greater
sin. God never leads man in-
to sin; but God's justice or
goodness is abused by man for
his own ruin. Hence we ought
to pray fervently that God may
not permit us to turn His grace
and His gifts to our own ruin,
and that he may not permit
Satan to overcome us."

A Drawn Battle.

The result of the election in
this state is one that affords a
great deal of thought for Cath-
olic voters. We find that after
all the vituperative abuse which
has been heaped upon the A.
P. A. that that organization
has succeeded in electing a
majority of the men endorsed
by it. The few isolated cases
where a different result has
been obtained, only confirm the
general principle. In the case
of Adolph Sutro, at the eleventh
hour, an attack was made upon
him, because unsought, an en-
dorsement had been given him,
which he had not repudiated.
Those who are acquainted with
Mr. Sutro, know that his ideas
are entirely antagonistic to the
principles of that organization,
and his election does not signify
a triumph for it.A similar state of affairs
exists in the case of Mr. Budd.
The Post threw a boomerang,
and he and Jackson Temple,
share the honors of being the
only Democrats elected on the
state ticket. It must also be a
source of pleasure to the man-
agement of a local Catholic
weekly to review the results of
their work. The "sewer rats"
have crawled out of the sewer,
and shoved their opponents in it.
This result is traceable to
no other cause than that the
American people resent an in-
decency style of campaign. The
constant abuse and strong lan-
guage with which its columns
were filled, week after week,
did more to result in the tri-
umph of Apaism, than any other"Q. What do we ask for in
the Sixth Petition: Lead us
not into temptation?""We ask that God would re-
move from us all temptations
and all dangers of sin, or, at
least, give us grace sufficient
to resist them.""Q. By whom are we
tempted to sin?"1. By our own flesh or Con-
cupiscence; 'for the flesh lust-
eth against the spirit.' (Gal.
V. 17);2. By the world—i. e., by
its vain pomps, bad examples,
and wicked maxims; and3. By the Devil 'who as a
roaring lion; goeth about seek-
ing whom he may devour' (I

er cause combined.

From the partial returns as
they have been received an anal-
ysis of the vote shows that
where its influence, on account
of circulation, is supposed to
be the strongest, there the nor-
mal Democratic majority has
been overcome, and candidates
endorsed by the A. P. A., have
secured the larger proportion
of the vote. Its influence there
was negative, and the senseless
agitation started by it, has made
the injection of religion into
politics, a most potent cause
for the election of those oppo-
sed to the Catholic Church.There is no more striking
proof of this than its attack on
Mr. Sutro, at an hour when
it was rendered impossible for
him to reply through its col-
umn. Mr. Sutro's plurality
will be at least 15,000, and
possibly more. The CatholicChurch, has had no more gener-
ous benefactor than Mr.
Sutro, and his marked triumph
in this case, is a most stinging
rebuke to back-number journal-
ism. The A. P. A. has won
a victory, to which at least one
Catholic weekly contributed
its due share.One of the doctrines and
practices of the Russian Com-
munion, of which an account
was given in our last issue, is
singularly accentuated by the
subtraction of his abundant
grace from hardened sinners,
or the withdrawal of temporal
blessings or even the bestowal
of these blessings which be-
come the occasion of greater
sin. God never leads man in-
to sin; but God's justice or
goodness is abused by man for
his own ruin. Hence we ought
to pray fervently that God may
not permit us to turn His grace
and His gifts to our own ruin,
and that he may not permit
Satan to overcome us."A symposium of Christian
creeds will be held next month
in Cincinnati. One member
is to be selected from each to
give reasons for his profession
of belief. Archbishop Elder
and Bishop Maes have given
their approval to the move-
ment and have selected a lay-
man, Hon. W. A. Byrnes of
Covington to represent the
Catholic side. This is admir-
able. Pray our Patron Mary
Immaculate for its success.Bishop Messmer writes an
able letter to Mr. Warren
Mosher, the Secretary of the
Eastern Organization strongly
urging that there be harmony
between the Eastern and West-
ern Summer Schools, and that
mutual aid be given by the
lecturers and so make the
movement national.

PREMIUM PORTRAIT COUPON

This Coupon when accompanied by \$1.00
entitles the holder to a large sample

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size, 1x14 inches. Taken from any photo-
graph or tin-type, and

Three Month's Subscription

to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. Be particu-
lar to write name and address plainly to
insure prompt delivery.

AFRAID? NOT HE.

He Merely Wanted His Wife to Hold the
Light For Him.At 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, when
all the people living on College avenue
were fast asleep, there was commotion
in one of the beautiful residences along
that thoroughfare. It was the home of
a merchant, and the commotion broke
loose in the sleeping apartment of him-
self and wife. She started it.She awoke suddenly and thought
she heard some one trying to break in
down stairs. She shook her husband, and
after some time had elapsed succeeded
in making him realize the situation.
They both listened. There was some
noise, sure enough, and a cold shiver
crept down his spinal column and even
to his toes.He determined not to get scared,
though his teeth were chattering, so he
announced that he would go down and
investigate."Aren't you afraid, dear?" nervously
asked his wife.He took out his revolver, struck a
match, lighted a lamp and then looked
at her in disgust."Afraid? Well, hardly. I never saw
the man yet I was afraid of. Now, don't
make any noise, but come on."The little woman started in astonish-
ment. "Do you want me to go to town?"
"Do I want you to go? Why, of
course I do. You must go ahead and
carry the light so I can see to shoot. Do
you think I could hit a burglar in the
dark? Hurry up, or he'll be gone."And that man made the little woman
go ahead with the light, while he held
the revolver over her shoulder at full
cock. They traversed the house from
garret to cellar, finally found a stray
dog scratching at the back door and
came back to bed. He sat up for an
hour telling her what he would have
done had there been a burglar there.—
Indianapolis Sentinel.

A HARD TASKMISTRESS.

The Late Rosina Vokes Took Her Art
Rather Too Seriously.The late Mrs. Clay, better known as
Rosina Vokes, was a hard taskmistress.
She took her art both seriously and
rigidly and demanded the same from
others. A young American girl during
a one time connection with the Vokes
company suffered extremely from a felon
on her finger. Every movement of the
arm gave her pain, and she was at
length obliged to evade her required
participation in "A Game of Cards,"
where the players clap hands, the one
against the other. "You shirked your
part last night, Miss Blank," Mrs. Clay
took occasion to observe the following
morning."I did," acknowledged Miss Blank,
"for my finger is in such a condition,
as you see, that present use of it is im-
possible.""You will not shirk your part to-
night," remarked Mrs. Clay,
with an ominous gleam in her eye. The
young American knew only too well
that further remonstrance would prob-
ably result in her dismissal, so nothing
more was said. That night, according
to orders, she, with infinite pain, clapped
hands briskly. At the first touch
the blood gushed from her suffering
finger; but, although her partner was
Mrs. Clay, neither reference nor apology
was made by that exacting star either
then or afterward. "Still it was splen-
did training," said the young actress in
later years. But to impartial, unprofes-
sional outsiders such "training" smacks
of tyranny.—New York Advertiser.

Speeches From Notes.

It is usually supposed by the lay
reader that the greatest speeches made
in congress are the result of long prepa-
ration and are delivered from volumi-
nous notes. This is not always correct.
The preparation may be all right, but in
many cases notes do not exist at all.
This may be illustrated from a little
conversation I had with ex-Congressman
John M. Farquhar. He was booked to
speak at a reunion of veterans. Half an
hour before he was announced to take
the platform I approached and said:"Mr. Farquhar, I shall be glad to get
an advance copy of your speech.""My dear sir," he replied, "I never
wrote a speech in my life and never
shall. I never spoke from notes but once
in my life. That was when I was in
congress, and my speech occupied over
four hours. My notes consisted of five
words scribbled on a piece of paper. I
have kept that piece of paper, and when
I have joined the majority it may be
considered an interesting souvenir to
somebody."

I thought so too.—Buffalo News.

Our Future Population.

The territorial area of Japan is about
one-twenty-fourth that of the United
States, not counting Canada, which is
likely some time to come in, and it sup-
ports 40,000,000 people. At this rate it
is computed that the North American
continent would sustain a population of
1,000,000,000. How soon that limit is
to be reached may be remitted to the
prophets and the statisticians, but it
will come some time without doubt, re-
quiring an increasingly wise type of
statesman and politician on the way if
we are to hold together and carry out
the destinies which seem appointed to
us.—New York Tribune.

Shell Sounds.

The peculiar murmuring sound, not
unlike the ripple of the waves on a still
evening, which we hear on placing a
shell or other hollow object to the ear,
is due to the fact that the concave sur-
face concentrates and multiplies all dif-
ferent sounds around us, so as to render
them audible. The many sounds always
present in the air are augmented by the
resonant cavity of the shell.—Science
Journal.

Overheard on the River.

"You are nothing but a big bluff,"
remarked the river to the bank."Is that so?" retorted the bank. "If
I take a notion to come down on you,
your name will be mud."—Indianapo-
lis Journal.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

An Experience Which Decided One Man
In Forever Discrediting It."I do not believe that it is right to
convict a prisoner on circumstantial
evidence," said a prominent citizen.
"Whenever I am inclined to believe a
man guilty, I always remember an expe-
rience in my own life when, if I had
been tried for murder on circumstantial
evidence, I would have been proved
guilty. Years ago I was living in an-
other city. I was married to my second
wife, and it was neighborhood talk that
we did not agree on account of property
and my children. We had several
quarrels, and our domestic relations
were rather strained. My wife became
desperately ill of fever, and it left her
mind in rather a shattered state.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Blessing of the Bell at Alameda
Tomorrow.

THE CATHEDRAL ORGANIST.

Grand Floral Festival at San
Jose—Entertainment at
Antioch, etc.

Our readers will find in the following columns a resume of all the important events of the past few days.

BLESSING OF THE BELL.

Alameda.

Owing to the illness of Father Sullivan, the Ladies' Bazaar in aid of St. Joseph's new church is postponed to December 1st. All tickets sold therefor will be good for that date. The general good will and interest manifested by the ladies of the parish in the success of this fair indicate that its results will surpass all their previous efforts.

Father Sullivan hopes to be about again in a few days, as he is rapidly convalescing.

Rev. Mahlon H. Wilson, pastor of the Christian Church, is the "Rev. Henry" of Alameda. One evening last week he delivered a tirade against the Catholic Church. Editor Marshall of the Telegram, who is a member of the A. P. A. Lodge of Alameda, published an extensive synopsis of it. The other local daily papers passed it by in silence.

The beautiful ceremony of blessing the bell will take place to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, immediately in front of the old church. Very Rev. J. J. Pendergast, V. G., will officiate, and will preach. After the ceremony there will be solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The bell is a monster affair, weighing 1500 pounds and being 46 inches in diameter. It is of the celebrated Blymyer make, and was expressly cast to order by the Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co. Jas. Linforth, the Pacific Coast agent, says the bell is of a remarkably clear tone, and can easily be heard for five miles.

The church is indebted to the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kane for this necessary adjunct to a Catholic church. The donors are too well known all over the State for their many generous deeds to need any further mention than that of their names, but the bell will be always a reminder to the faithful in after years, to remember them in their prayers. Upon the face of the bell appears the following inscription:



Donated to St. Joseph's Church, Alameda,
by
Michael Kane and wife
October 1894.

The bell will be hung within a few days after it is blessed, but will probably not be rung until the day of dedication.

San Jose.

At the regular weekly meeting of St. Joseph's College Debating Society held on Thursday evening of last week, after responding to roll call by quotations from Mrs. Hemans, the election of officers for the ensuing term took place. After a spirited and exciting contest the following were elected: Vice-President, George Gilbert; Secretary, Michael Griffith; Treasurer, Joseph Sullivan; Librarian, William O'Bannan; Censor, William Foley. After the installation of the newly elected officers the following program was rendered: G. Gilbert gave an interesting and instructive criticism of the last debate, on the relative value of classics and mathematics in education. Wm. Foley read an interesting paper on "Guardian Angels," Joseph Sullivan recited a piece telling of the bravery of the English soldiers during the Crimean War. Jos. O'Connor in the "Voice of the Pen," portrayed its power for good or evil. Thomas Lahan delivered a well prepared paper on the "Rosary." William O'Bannan then recited the "Charge of the Light Brigade." David Power, "The Psalm of Life," while M. Griffith finished the program by a masterly recitation of "Marco Bozzaris." Tennyson was chosen as the next author from whom quotations are to be taken. Thomas Lahan will give an account of his life and works.

The subject of the next debate is "Resolved that Intemperance is the chief source of crime and misery."

Prof. Everett Pomroy, who for about thirty years has been a resident of San Jose, where he has been engaged in the profession of music, and who for the past eight years has been organist at St. Joseph's church, has resigned his position and accepted the position of organist in St. Mary's Cathedral at San Francisco. During the practice of his profession in San Jose Mr. Pomroy met with great success, and especially as a pipe organist where his abilities and talents are recognized. In going to his new field Professor Pomroy carries with him the well wishes of hundreds in San Jose who admire his great talents and respect him for his sterling worth as a man.

The position which Professor Pomroy has so long and ably filled at St. Joseph's church and made vacant by his resignation has been filled by the appointment of Miss Eva Pease, one of the best known and highly accomplished musicians of the Garden City. For a number of years she was associated with Professor King during his incumbency as Dean at the Conservatory, and did much to give that institution the high reputation it now enjoys. St. Joseph's is to be congratulated on securing such an able successor to Professor Pomroy.

The great event of the week has been the chrysanthemum festival given under the auspices of the Catholic Ladies Aid Society, for the benefit of that society and the Pratt Home. The display and arrangement of the royal flower of Japan surpassed that of any previous year. Turn Verein hall was thronged every night, and a series of most enjoyable evenings were spent during the week. On Monday evening there was a promenade concert. On Tuesday, in honor of a "Night in Japan," all the participants throughout the entire hall were dressed in Japanese costumes. Wednesday night, under the direction of Miss Allie Cole, the laughable farce, "A Box of Monkeys," was produced. On Thursday living pictures divided with the flowers the attentions of the visitors. Last night the Garden City Cyclers furnished the program. For to-night a splendid program is offered, to conclude with dancing.

West Oakland.

A large class of boys and girls, students of St. Joseph's Institute received their first Communion at St. Patrick's on Sunday last. In honor of the occasion the altars were beautifully decorated with flowers and lighted with clusters of waxen tapers. The girls were attired in spotless white, with flowing lace veils and head adorned with wreaths of flowers. The boys were attired in dark suits, and each wore a pink bow tied upon his left arm.

Mass was celebrated at 7:30 a. m. by Father McNally, who also administered the sacrament. The boys were prepared for the occasion by Rev. Father McNally and the girls by Sister St. Louis. The preparatory retreat was conducted by Rev. Father Fleming, of St. Paul, Minn., assisted by Fathers McMally and Lane.

Father McNally delivered an eloquent sermon, setting forth the importance of the ceremony in which the children were taking part.

Antioch.

On Friday evening of last week a very successful entertainment and festival was given by the ladies of Antioch in aid of the fund for the erection of a new church. The affair was held in the pavilion, which had been splendidly decorated for the occasion. Booths had been erected around the hall and fancy articles were disposed of during the intervals in the program. The latter consisted of musical selections, both vocal and instrumental, recitations, etc., and each number received well merited applause.

The management of the affair was in the hands of the Misses Grennan, and they deserve great credit for its successful culmination.

Dixon.

Rev. Father Lally is engaging talent for the concert to be given in aid of St. Peter's church, at the Dixon Opera House, on the 14th inst. The tickets are selling rapidly and a successful entertainment is promised. The lecturer on this occasion will be Father Mulligan, of St. Charles' church, and his subject, "The Catholic Church and the American Republic."

A large class of children will receive their first Communion at the 9 o'clock mass tomorrow. In the afternoon at 4 o'clock they will receive their baptismal vows.

Santa Cruz.

The following are the newly installed officers of Branch No. 13, C. L. A. S.:

President, Mrs. Ed. O'Neil, Soquel (re-elected); 1st V. P., Mrs. James Tait; 2d V. P., Miss M. Wente; Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Martin, (re-elected); Financial Secretary, Miss Maggie Wood; Recording Secretary, Miss Mollie Regan, (re-elected); Marshal, Miss Kate O'Neil; Guard, Mrs. Alzina, (re-elected); Executive Committee, Mrs. Cooney, Mrs. Emily Mangels, Miss Mollie Regan.

Gridley.

The ladies of the Catholic church will give an entertainment's hall on the 17th inst for the purpose of raising money with which to pay the taxes on the church property. Tickets of admission will be 50 cents, and the holder will be entitled to a chance in the drawing for a handsome china tea set.

Monterey.

Father Brady, of Gonzales, who is occupying the pulpit in place of Father Mestres at the San Carlos Catholic church for a couple of weeks during the latter's absence in Los Angeles, celebrated High Mass at the Carmel mission in Carmel on San Carlos day, last Monday. After the services a basket picnic was held, which was largely attended.

San Diego.

Rev. Fathers Brady and Wyman, of the Paulist order, who have been giving a series of missions throughout the State, commenced a mission at St. Joseph's last Sunday. It continued throughout the week and there was a large attendance at all the services.

St. Patrick's.

The Children of Mary will receive Holy Communion at the 8 o'clock mass to-morrow. They will meet at St. Vincent's school in the afternoon at 3 for their regular monthly meeting.

Here and There.

Rev. Father Frenken is in receipt of a letter from Rev. Father Kearns, pastor of Colfax, Wash., in which he stated that he will soon return to that city, probably next week. He has returned to America from Europe and left New York last Friday for Montreal. On his return he will stop a few days in St. Paul.

Right Rev. Francis Mora, late Bishop of the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, was in the city on Saturday, accompanied by Rev. Joseph Noonan, Bishop Mora is on his way to Spain, where he will spend the rest of his days, having given up the diocese to Bishop Montgomery, lately appointed his coadjutor. Father Noonan will spend several years in Spain studying before returning to Los Angeles.

What Our Homes Want.

They want a sober father, who does not squander his little earnings in the grog shop. They want the kind mother who has some other aim in life than to be the devotee to fashion—the Will o' the Wisp of bargain counters, scattering the means foolishly and needlessly of the hard-working husband. They want the daughters, who are not merely parlor ornaments, but the willing domestic help of the tired mother, smoothing away her troubles and lightning a father's care. They want the son who thinks his sister as good as other girls, and finds his home the most pleasant resort when his day's work is done.

Our homes want all the time from father, mother, brother, sister—constant love, high esteem; each in their place occupying the most honored position.

Whenever the devil has ten minutes to spare he uses it to set more traps for children.—Ram's Horn.

Samuel Hancock's Estate.

John T. Fleming, of Alameda, with offices at 530 California street, this city, has been appointed attorney of the estate of the late Samuel Hancock. The estate is estimated to be worth \$350,000, of which sum \$325,000 is invested in real estate. The only heirs of the deceased are his widow, aged 66 years, and a son, Robert John Hancock, now 29 years of age. The estate is all community property.

A November Remembrance.

EXHORTATION.

While Autumn's winds around our way are sighing,
And Autumn's tear fall o'er earth's glories
fled,
And Autumn's leaves in mournful mounds are
lying;
We lift our hearts and hands for our dear dead.
We feel their presence in each scene of duty.
We hear forevermore their prayerful plea,
"Neath cloud-veiled skies or heavens' of azure
beauty;
"Oh! you, atheist my friends, remember me,
Our kindred! Friendship! Duty! kindly feeling,
Is there a heart too cold to own your glow?
How shall we render to such fond appealing?
How shall we pay the debt our dear ones owe
shall we be deaf to all their pitiful pleading?
Shall we the claims of tenderest ties deny?
And heartlessly pass on our way unheeding,
Unmindful of the love of days gone by?
We come and go amid the bloom and brightness
The myriad glories of this world of ours;
Above us, fleecy clouds of snowy whiteness,
Below us, the glistening clouds and fragrant flowers,
The glow and gladness of heaven's gift surround
us.
In golden sunshine or in crystal rain,
And kindly hearts with added joys have crowned
us.
While those we love are plunged in depths of
pain.
Helpless they lie within their cell of anguish,
And we have wealth untold that we can bring
To free them from the bonds in which they lan-
guish.
And pay the ransom that they owe to us King.
Eternal goodness o'er us to his casket,
Eternal Love implores: "O set them free!
And from eternal Mercy let us ask it,
Through every moment of the days to be."

INVOCATION.

"For every time that with the key of silence,
I lock the portal of my lips to-day,
For every time that with a gentle violence
I shut all harsh, unkindly thoughts away,
For every time that at the door of duty,
I gladly greet the task that must be done,
Deign Thou, O Lord! to ope' Heaven's gates of
beauty.
To captive souls redeemed by Thy dear Son.
For every time that self and ease denying,
For Thy dear sake I turn to harder things,
And on Thy wisdom and Thy will relying,
Make of Thy cross' arms uplifting wings.
For every time that Faith, Hope, Love professing,
With reverent hand, Redemption's sign I trace,
Deign Thou, O Lord! to waft a balm and blessing
To souls athirst to gaze upon Thy face.
For every time I tread the Via Crucis.
For every time our loving Savior trod,
Made it through Thy sweet grace a Via Luctu.
To lead our loved ones up to Thee, O God!
For every time Thy Holy Table nearing,
I come Thy Sacred Host invited guest,
The most unworthy of such gracious hearing,
O grant thy suffering souls eternal rest.
For every time I bend the head before Thee,
At every breath, with angels that implore Thee
I crave one boon: Lord! set Thy captives free.
Thro' all Thy sinless mother's pangs of anguish,
Thro' lone Gethsemane's woe and Calvary's
grief.
Stretch forth Thy arms of love to all who lan-
guish,
And give to all Thy suffering souls relief.
S. A. R.

THE NEW "CONSUMPTION CURE."

Some of the Rules of the Black Forest Treatment Which Is Attracting Attention.

At a new "consumption cure" in the Black Forest the principle of the treatment, says a Berlin correspondent, is to build up a system so strong that it will refuse lodgment to the insistent tubercular bacilli. To eat plentifully, to live day and night in fresh air and to rest properly are the chief tenets of the method. The food is prepared by weight, and, nolens volens, it must be eaten. Damp, rainy days keep no patient indoors, and rainy, damp nights see no ventilating windows shut. Evidently the harr doctor believes damp air is better than poisoned air, and it is poisoned air that the weakened lungs cannot stand.

One feature of the treatment is to rest by lying down one hour before meals. This accords with at least one eminent practitioner in this country, who in his dietary for use in cases of incipient consumption insists upon 20 minutes' rest upon the bed before all meals except breakfast.

In the German cure the greatest attention is paid to the care of the sputum. Paper handkerchiefs are used, and the patients are taught that it is not alone infection to others that is guarded against in their absolute cleanliness, but re-infection to themselves—an obviously potent ally in securing the proper care.

Stranger Than Fiction.

In consequence of a mental malady a Georgia lady, Mrs. Byrd, conceived it her duty to live apart from her husband, Charles P. Byrd, and in order that he might apply for a divorce forged documents which would give him cause. The husband, knowing they were not true, but thinking that to humor his wife would cure her malady, he presented the papers to the legal authorities, and a divorce was granted. The ex-husband immediately began to make love to his former wife again and proposed marriage in due form, but although she appeared happy in his company and would go with him to the theater and like places she absolutely refused his proffer of marriage and expressed a wish that he would wed a girl whom she named. Now Mr. Byrd is seeking to have the decree of divorce set aside.—Atlanta Correspondent.

In the Yarn Business.

Two years ago Clara and Ethel were of the alumnae of the normal school. Both were engaged to be married, and they parted with mutual hopes for future happiness. Recently they met and flew into each other's arms.

"Oh, Clara, I am so happy! Fred is so good to me."

"And I, Ethel, am happy and have a lovely hubby, and he has a splendid income. He's junior member of the firm of Hustle, Catchum & Co. What is your hubby's business?"

"Oh, Fred is in the yarn business!"

"He is a manufacturer, then?"

"Oh, no; he's a country editor!"—Ridgewood (N. J.) News.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.
WHEAT—Milling, \$24@\$75@ \$100
BARNAY—Feed, 72@275@ \$100; new brewing, 60@65@; oats, 50@55@; feed, 60@65@ \$100
Oats—Crop, 60@65@; feed, 60@65@ \$100
Corn—60@65@; good to choice, 85@90@ \$100
CORN—Large yellow, \$117@212@ \$100
small do, \$122@212@ \$100
BRAINS—Peas, 52@56@ \$100
bayo, \$175@150@ \$100; small white, \$20@25@ \$100
beans, 45@50@ \$100
SHEEP—Rape, 13@23@ \$100
canary, for imported, \$100
flaxseed, 30@35@ \$100
mustard, 23@28@ \$100
GROUND BUCKWHEAT—From \$18 00@19 00 \$100
PEANUT CORNMEAL—From \$27 00@28 00 \$100
OILCAKE MEAL—\$35 00 \$100
from mill; jobbing, \$35 00@36 00 \$100
COTTON SEED MEAL—\$30 00 \$100
MIDDLED—From \$18 00@19 00 \$100
GROUND BUCKWHEAT—From \$18 00@19 00 \$100
PEANUT CORNMEAL—From \$27 00@28 00 \$100
OILCAKE MEAL—\$35 00 \$100
from mill; jobbing, \$35 00@36 00 \$100
COTTON SEED MEAL—\$30 00 \$100
Vegetables.
Onions—Yellow, 50@55@ \$100
Potatoes—From \$30 00@35 00 \$100
Eggplant—20@25@ \$100
Burdocks—Sweet, 50@55@ \$100
Various—Lima Beans, 3@10@ \$100
String Beans, 3@10@ \$100
Green Peppers, 25@30@ \$100
Cucumbers, 25@30@ \$100
for large bxs; Green Corn, 35@40@ \$100
for large bxs; Green Beans, 35@40@ \$100
for large bxs; Tomatoes, 15@20@ \$100
for large bxs; Green Beans, 35@40@ \$100
for large bxs; Beans, 10@15@ \$100
for No. 1, and 25@30@ for No. 2; Sun-
flower Squash, 25@30@ \$100
Tomatoes, 15@20@ \$100
for large bxs; Green Corn, 35@40@ \$100
for large bxs; Green Beans, 35@40@ \$100
for large bxs; Cauliflower, 75@80@ \$100
Cabbage, 50@55@ \$100
Beets, 50@55@ \$100
Carrots, 50@55@ \$100
Green Peas, 12@14@ \$100

Fruits—Figs—Black, 25@35@ \$100
red, 40@50@; white, nominal.
Lemons—California, \$2 00@2 50@ \$100
Lemons—fancy, 50@55@ \$100
Lemons—Santa Barbara and Santa
Paula, \$4 00@5 00@ \$100
Mexican limes, \$7 00@8 00@ \$100
Various—Bananas, \$1 50@2 50@ \$100
apples, \$2 00@3 50@ \$100
DRIED FRUITS—New crop—Apricots, 7@10@ \$100
Apples, evaporated, 8@12@ \$100
dried, sliced, 20@35@ \$100
Coral—Pears, 5@10@ \$100
for bleached halves; do qrs, 4@5@ \$100
pears, 10@15@ \$100
pears, 20@30@ \$10

MCNALLY'S NERVE.

While Diamonds Were Rolling Upon the Floor He Coolly Puffed Away.

There is no doubt that Jimmy McNally, the king of the green goods men, is in town. He was in Martin's the other night with a very pretty girl he called Nellie. Sam Martin did not know him, or it is probable he would not have been there. McNally was pale and cold and quiet, and as usual sober. The girl was flushed and bright eyed and garrulous with wine. Her fingers were covered with diamonds, and her hair sparkled with the gems. A big diamond heart sparkled at her corsage, and an immense sunburst blazed at her belt.

McNally was drinking apollinaris. The girl was drinking wine. Two glances would not be necessary to tell where McNally got his secretiveness and craft. His eyes are deep set and fathomless; his face pale with the pallor of opium. With his mustache off he would look something like Riley Granahan, the plunger. They have similar facial characteristics, and it may be that their incomparable nerve lies in this very peculiarity of square jaws and masklike faces.

McNally looks like a cynic. As the flushed girl chattered and talked he sat and listened with an indifference that amounted to carelessness. The hand that carried his glass to his lips was as steady as a rock, notwithstanding his years of dissipation and danger. He puffed his Egyptian cigarette with the air of a blasé man of the world. Finally the girl in hitching her chair back from the table caught one of the points of the big diamond sunburst against the edge, and in an instant the jewels were spraying down her gown and over the floor in a silver shower. She did not faint or weep or get excited as other women would have done. She simply leaned back in her chair and laughed a low, childlike laugh that was full of sincere amusement. In the meantime the waiters were diving under tables and chairs for the scattered jewels. They were speechless with eagerness. McNally never moved, and it is probable that his heart did not throb an iota the faster. He puffed away at his cigarette with the same marble impassiveness. One by one the diamonds were brought to the table, and for each one Nellie gave the lucky waiter a dollar. Three were still missing, however, and could not be found.

"Oh, let them go," cried the girl. "Jimmy will buy me some more. Won't you, Jimmy?"

McNally nodded his head affirmatively and puffed on.—New York Herald.

INCOME TAX FIGURES.

What Some New York Multimillionaires Will Have to Pay.

The metropolitan millionaires would have been delighted to hear that the president had vetoed the tariff bill carrying the income tax rider. Still, as they have considerable time to save up enough small change to meet this additional charge for being on the earth, they can economize or follow the Astor example of living in England. Some figures here are already at work ciphering out what some of these unfortunate people will have to shell out to help keep the country from going to demoralization bowwows.

Uncle Sam's choicest victim here is William Waldorf Astor, who will contribute about \$152,225. But as his income is in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000 he will not be forced to negotiate a loan. Russell Sage and the Jay Gould estate rate next on the list. Then come the Vanderbilts, Flagler, Tiffany, C. P. Huntington, Rockefeller, the Goetzes, Garrys, Hayemores and over a hundred others whose wealth runs from \$2,000,000 up to \$125,000,000. Andrew Carnegie is down on the list as being worth \$20,000,000, and his annual income is put at \$1,000,000, which will force him to pay tribute in the sum of \$20,000.

Thirty-eight fair possessors of fortunes ranging from \$40,000,000 down to \$2,500,000 have been named among the heavy taxables. Among them are two countesses, two duchesses and one lady. If Hetty Green doesn't succeed in keeping out of the taxgatherer's clutches, she will be forced to plunk down \$40,000 annually. It will cost Mrs. Bradley-Martin, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, Clementina Furniss and Sophia R. Furniss about \$10,000 each.—New York Recorder.

THE GAY COUNT.

His Brilliant Career Cut Short by Expulsion From His Chosen Field.

The Italian newspapers have lately been largely occupied with the case of Count Tschernadieff, who, after a meteoric career in Turin, has been ignominiously expelled from Italy by order of the minister of the interior. His real identity has not yet been fully established. He arrived at Turin four months ago, took a fine house in a suburb and installed therein a beautiful young woman, who passed as the countess. The mansion was superbly furnished. There were 12 domestics, and in the stables were 14 horses. The pair drove about Turin in an open landau drawn by six horses and naturally attracted attention, although the local aristocracy suspected them from the first and would have nothing to do with them. The count gave charity with lavish hand and was always at home to poor people.

He finally began to dabble in anarchism and socialism. He was elected an honorary member of 25 working associations and announced his intention to become a candidate for the chamber of deputies. By this time he had attracted the attention of the central authorities at Rome, who decided that he was too dazzling and too mysterious a person for quiet going Italy, and he was ignominiously bundled off to the frontier with the so-called countess.

It is estimated that during his stay in Turin the count spent at least a half million francs, and he left very few debts behind. This apparent honesty, however, is evidently due to the suddenness of his expulsion, which upset the count's plans. The police say he has lived, and lived well, by his wits for years and is known as a dangerous and daring swindler in every European capital. The young woman is as much mystery as the count himself. Nobody has been able to specify her nationality, for she speaks with fluency French, Spanish, Italian and Russian. Tschernadieff bore a curious resemblance to Arton of Panama scandal fame and was for some time watched by French detectives.

THE VANDERBILTS.

The King of the Gossiping Dudes Freely Discusses a Family Affair.

It is now said that Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt is coming to New York to open the Fifth avenue house and will give at least one big ball to introduce her daughter Consuela to New York society.

What will poor Willie do then?

It is known among his friends that he intends to come home this winter.

It is also known that he does not intend to live with Mrs. Willie.

Must the master of many houses go, then, to a hotel, like an ordinary traveler?

I don't attach much importance to the town house story, and Mrs. Vanderbilt is certainly not foolish enough to introduce a very young girl to society when she herself is under a cloud and people are saying that her husband's family won't speak to her.

That last is another statement that won't hold water.

Mrs. Willie K. hasn't done anything to deserve a snubbing from the Vanderbilts of all people.

It was her husband who left her and not she him. All the influences of the Vanderbilts have been directed toward a reconciliation, and certainly to snub the injured would not be conciliatory.

As a matter of fact, nobody knows anything about this couple's plans for the best of reasons. They don't know themselves.

Some day they may come together, talk it over, and "for the sake of the children," that time worn patch quilt, they may agree to let bygones go.

I hear it on the best of authority that there is no idea of a divorce in any contingency.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

From Different Points of View.

A tall, red haired man leaned over the kinetoscope in a Broadway establishment a few days ago, looking at Champion Corbett polish off that aspiring young pugilist, Peter Courtney. As he looked his big shoulders hunched convulsively, and his hands were clenched, as though he were countering every blow. When the knockout came, a sneer overspread his countenance.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked a burly looking individual near the box office window.

"I think he is quite rude," was the reply, "but if ever he goes up against me he won't have the snap he had in you, Courtney."

"That's all right, Fitz," said the burly man, "but don't go into the fight thinking you are going to have a kindergarten. He can hit like a mule kicking."

"Well, all I've got to say is this—that if he makes some of the moves with me that he makes with you in that looking glass there I'll punch his head off."

Then Fitz buttoned up his long frock coat, threw back his shoulders and walked away.—New York Herald.

Sight Suddenly Restored.

Colonel J. M. Covington of Danville, Va., has had a peculiar experience or two with his eyes during the past three weeks. One morning he awoke to find that during the night the light had gone out from his eyes. He could distinguish people moving about and buildings, but that was all. He had to hire an amanuensis and have his correspondence read to and written for him. This continued until yesterday afternoon, when he took from his pocket an important letter he had received from his house and killed the fish with a hammer. Today he came here for treatment and told his story. His hands are much swollen and poisoned by contact with the gills, and the doctor says it will be a week or two before he regains the use of them. The muskellunge weighed about 35 pounds, according to Cooper's story.—Rogers City (Mich.) Dispatch.

Homeopaths Condemn the Common Chalice.

The Homeopathic Medical society of the county of Philadelphia, at their monthly meeting last evening at the Hahnemann Medical college, by resolution recommended the abolition by all churches of the common communion cup, or chalice, and the substitution of individual cups. The resolution was the outcome of the discussion of a paper on "Infection From the Communion Cup, the Necessity For Reform," read by Dr. G. M. Christine.—Philadelphia Record.

THE ISLA OSCILLATOR.

The Young Montenegrin's Invention and What Is Claimed For It.

Tesla's latest invention, the "oscillator," is one of the most remarkable appliances of the age. It is aptly described as being the core of a steam engine and the core of a dynamo, combined and given a harmonious mechanical adjustment. This combination constitutes a machine which has in it the potentiality of reducing to the rank of old bell metal half the machinery at present moving on the face of the globe. It may come to do the entire work of the engines of an ocean steamship within a small part of the space they now occupy and at a fraction of their cost both of construction, and operation. It will do this work without jar or pounding and will reduce to a minimum the risk of derangement or breakage. There is nothing in the whole range of mechanical construction from railway locomotives to stamp mills, which such an invention may not revolutionize.

The essential characteristic of the machine is the application of the pressure of steam to produce an extremely rapid vibration of a bar of steel or piston, which in turn is so adapted to a set of magnets that the mechanical energy of the vibration is converted into electricity. The extraordinary result is that practically an absolutely constant vibration is established, and a power is attained greatly beyond that obtainable in the most costly engines using a similar amount of steam.

Besides saving in mechanical friction the 35 per cent of loss in the working of the engine, the 15 per cent of loss by belt friction and the 10 per cent wasted in the dynamo, making altogether an addition of 60 per cent to the available energy obtained from the steam for the purpose of producing electricity, it is simpler, smaller and lighter than the mechanism it is destined to replace, absolutely constant in its action, automatically regulated and subject to the least possible amount of wear and tear. The utilization of this machine in any branch of industry would result in an appreciable lowering in the cost of production, and it is quite possible that its first general employment may be in electric lighting. In the face of this marvelous invention a recent statement of Tesla seems hardly no longer visionary. The young Montenegrin said, "I expect to live to be able to set a machine in the middle of this room and move it by no other agency than the energy of the medium in motion around us."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

IS MARS INHABITED?

Methods Employed by Modern Science to Find an Answer to This Question.

A striking example of the march of modern science is demonstrated in the discussion which has been going the rounds of the learned over the question, Is Mars inhabited? The fact that such a debate is in progress is not of particular significance. Wandering Arabs of the desert have regarded the silent stars with thousands of such speculations from time immemorial, but learned doctors of theology, accustomed to discuss upon the standing room of a needle's point for angels, have waxed choleric and indignantly eloquent in these disquisitions over the habitability of the planets.

The moderns, however, refuse to attempt to prove such matters by hair splitting logic of the schools. They simply construct machinery to bring the planets nearer to the vision. So far as Mars is concerned, through the telescope they see that at certain seasons an accumulation of color of one kind surrounds the poles of the planet and runs down to the equator a certain distance. At some seasons these zones are larger than at others. Hence they conclude that Mars has seasons of some kind—possibly the color around the poles is snow.

"The emperor stepped up to the sailor and addressed him most amiably: 'See, Joerg, you have done that very stupidly. I will show you how one should behave in such a situation. Go up and imagine that you are the emperor, and I shall be the sailor Joerg.' The poor fellow did not dare remonstrate. He had to come on board by the imperial gangway, and the Emperor William met him below in his new role of a sailor with a beer mug."

"When he saw Joerg, the emperor affected some embarrassment, but he then set the glass to his lips, emptied it completely, put it down on the ship's ledge and then made his salute. 'Do you see, Joerg? That is the way it must be done. Now, remember. And now go and tell them to give you another glass of beer, and one for you too. If they question you, just tell them that I said so and that they should not be angry, for the beer was beautifully fresh and tasted very good.'"

The spectroscope reveals the presence of water on the planet. And each succeeding year brings into possession of humanity some new facts. Knowledge of the planets is limited only by the machinery of the astronomer. And in this fact lies the difference between the spirit of the ancients and moderns.—Kansas City Times.

Clay Loftus' Lovers.

I have heard that no young woman—not even Miss Nellie Bass, the heiress—ever received as many proposals of marriage in the course of one short year as did Miss Cissy Loftus during her brief, bright reign over the hearts of the jennies doree. And her offers were good ones—at least many of them were, from a worldly point of view. There was at least one son of an earl, and a young and wealthy baronet, perhaps more, for all I know to the contrary, for Miss Loftus was not boastful, and there were at least a dozen young men whose rent rolls or less aristocratic income touched £10,000 a year. As for the ineligibles, their name was legion, and there would have been more gossip than there was had she not been so circumspect a maiden and so extremely youthful that her marriage seemed a remote contingency indeed.—London Letter in Boston Transcript.

Four Honeymoons With One Bride.

Philip Stutz, a farmer of this county, and his wife Mary had a remarkable matrimonial career. Being lovers in childhood, they were early married, but failing to agree were divorced. After a few years they came together and were remarried. Again they were divorced and remarried, and even again did they secure a divorce and last week were remarried at New Albany, thus being three times divorced and remarried. Mr. Stutz is well to do, and as evidence that his wife can maintain herself in single blessedness she was, when last married, the owner of a large millinery store in New Albany. They declare their intention of separating no more.—Jeffersonville (Ind.) Letter.

THE LONDON CRUSADE.

The Public More Interested In It Than In Any or All Other Subjects.

London en masse is vastly more interested in the matter of domestic morals than in the ominous events which threaten to make a deep impression on European history. The "Prudes on the Prowl" crusade has developed into a burning issue of deeper concern than any Parkhurst or Lexow committee doings in New York. Slow going, everyday London has apparently made up its mind that the restrictions which it has been attempted to impose upon places of amusement are an attack on public liberties which it is necessary to resent to no matter what extremity. It is difficult to give an idea of the intensity of the popular feeling displayed on both sides of the question. The Daily Telegraph, the most widely circulated newspaper in London, prints a page of letters daily on the subject and announces that this is only a tenth of the correspondence sent in. None of the newspapers has been able to ignore the question, and some of the literature on the subject in the public prints is simply amazing. It is unequalled in quantity and in the sentiments expressed by Mr. Stead's "Maiden Tribute," which made a world-wide sensation ten years ago.

The question is beginning to be clearly defined. It is not "Shall the social evil be suppressed?" Even the most extreme purist agitators do not undertake that Herculean task. The issue really is: "Shall the social evil obtain even tacit official recognition in London?" All of the purists say no. All London, if one may judge by the newspapers, says yes. It is universally admitted that vice flaunts itself more boldly, more offensively, in the streets of London than anywhere else on earth. Those who are opposing the renewal of the licenses of those music halls which are frequented by the demimonde make no attack upon this public evil because it is not recognized by law. They demand in effect that the women frequenting licensed music halls shall in some manner be driven to join the army on the pavement. It is on this point that the battle rages. Some of the opinions expressed are highly interesting.—London Daily News.

THE EMPEROR'S WAY.

Showing a Sailor How He Would Act If Their Positions Were Reversed.

It was bound to come, and here it is. Having gradually filled many roles, the Emperor William has now added another to his repertoire. Alluding to it as a "good natured joke at Kiel," the London Daily News' Berlin correspondent tells the story thus:

"As the Emperor William was stepping on board his yacht the other day, he was met by a sailor named Joerg, who had in his hand a mug of beer, which he was carrying into the officers' cabin. The emperor was very much amused at the discomfiture of the poor fellow, who did not know at first what to do and finally saluted the emperor, holding the beer mug convulsively against the seam of his breeches.

"The emperor stepped up to the sailor and addressed him most amiably: 'See, Joerg, you have done that very stupidly. I will show you how one should behave in such a situation. Go up and imagine that you are the emperor, and I shall be the sailor Joerg.' The poor fellow did not dare remonstrate. He had to come on board by the imperial gangway, and the Emperor William met him below in his new role of a sailor with a beer mug."

"When he saw Joerg, the emperor affected some embarrassment, but he then set the glass to his lips, emptied it completely, put it down on the ship's ledge and then made his salute. 'Do you see, Joerg? That is the way it must be done. Now, remember. And now go and tell them to give you another glass of beer, and one for you too. If they question you, just tell them that I said so and that they should not be angry, for the beer was beautifully fresh and tasted very good.'"

The Usual English Muddle.

The efforts of the London press to dabble in American personalities are always illuminating and frequently amusing. A woman's journal apologizes for the error in announcing the marriage of Miss Helen Gould with the scion of Battenberg. "It should," the paper says, "have been Miss Anna Gould," and then to show that the statement was a mere slip of the pen and did not arise from any want of knowledge of the Gould family, root and branch, it goes on airily, "The young lady loses half her fortune if she marries without her brother Willie's consent." Another journal comments on the prince of Battenberg's possible marriage with Miss Jay Gould.—New York Times.

As to Dr. Holmes' Biography.

I was speaking of the full line of Tennis Flannels, latest patterns 10c per yd. Lace Curtains, 75c. a pair. Full size all wool California White Blankets, Reduced to \$4.75 former price \$6.00

New Goods Received Every Day.

NATHAN & STURMTHAL

Proprietors.

GEORGE GOODMAN

Patentee and Manufacturer of

Artificial Stone

In all its Branches

Schillinger's Patent

Sidewalk Garden Walk

A Specialty

Office, 307 Montgomery St.

NEVADA BLOCK

SAN FRANCISCO.



"BLYMYER" BELLS

We are the sole makers of these Celebrated Bells FOR CHURCH, SCHOOL, FIRE ALARM, &c.

SONG.

Swallow, foretelling a rainy day,
Skinning the swallows of the new mown hay.
Fly high, fly low,
Fly high, fly low.
Naught care I of tomorrow's weather,
For my love and I will be together.
And when that my love and I do meet—
"Sweet," did you say, little bird? "Sweet,
sweet!"
Swallow, foretelling a sunny sky
Merrily circling the pony high,
Fly high, fly low,
I'd have you know,
Or skies be sunny, or day be drear.
Naught care I of the morrow's weather;
My love is coming and will be here;
My love and I will be together,
And when that my love and I do meet—
"Sweet," did you say, little bird? "Sweet,
sweet!"
—New York Tribune.

LAS' OB DE VARDENS.

In the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, with no sound to disturb the quiet of the summer day save the murmuring of the pine trees as they whisper to each other some tale, perhaps of far other scenes than these, of days when the peaceful valley was such a scene of human strife that the birds and bees and even the sweet wild roses that thrived there in unmolested possession disappeared to return in after years and find a picture of utter desolation.

It was while sojourning for a short time in the mountains overlooking the Shenandoah valley that I came across one of those living relics. She was only a poor old negro woman, who had been a slave and who, even after a quarter of a century of freedom, had almost failed to realize that she was free. There was nothing particular to recommend her to one's notice or call attention to her forlorn situation. She had been left all alone in the world—in her own words, "the last of the Vardens"—and judging from the grand air with which she announced that fact would have scorned the idea that she needed sympathy or pity as she stood amid the ruins of what had been a grand old southern home before the war, the home of the Vardens.

All that remained of the house, two tumbling chimneys, was overgrown by some kind of vine, which gave a sort of picturesque beauty to the forsaken scene. A little to the left and just in sight of where the house had been was an inclosure, in the center of which stood a tall monument, surrounded by smaller gravestones, marking the last resting place of the Vardens, who seemed to have turned their back upon their earthly possessions and laid their joys all away beneath the shadow of the great monument, leaving but one poor, crooked, feeble remnant of their departed greatness to occupy the rest of the estate and keep their memory green in her faithful old heart.

It was a warm day in June that I stood within the gates of Rocky Mead, as the place was called, and listened to a part of the family history of its former owner from the lips of old Juliette, who invited me to a seat under a large tree; then, seating herself near by, after apologizing for sitting in the presence of a white lady, said: "I'ze powerful glad to see white folks cep'n de common trash wat lib down in da valley. De fuses is all dade cep'n de Campbells. Dey place is next to we all. Our family war de bes' in Furginia." As she said this she straightened herself as much as age and rheumatism would permit.

"But," she continued sadly, "dey's all gone—all but me. I libs down at de ole quarters, do da is'n much lef', one cabin, dat's mo'n big enuff fo' me, mos' times, but wen I gits de raligyn on legs an han's den de wort ain' big enuff. But I has to stay an look after de place kase I'ze de las' one lef' ob de family, an wen I meets ole Marse Richard in de ne' worl he's boun to ax me bout de old place. Fun thing he gwine say, 'Juliette, you allus would be de las' one, but I reckon we's all together now, an we unite in prayer,' jess as he uther ebery evenin. Marse Richard war a mitey good man. Ole miss, she do boses. She uther say nobody ever gwine conker her, an shore enuff nobody neber did. She done all de conkerin. It war all long o' her dat my Miss Mary war forced to marry Marse Campbell's son, an den all de trouble come.

"My master hab two sons, Marse Dick an Robert. Dey jine de army one mornin, an Miss Mary tease de life nearly outen me to go wid her down in the valley whar de fightin war gwine on. She say she jis' wanten see der las' ob Dick and Bob. All de time I know she dyin to see Cap'n Hunter kase she dade in lub wid him, an me an Cap'n Hunter's boy, Long Jim, was co'tin too. But we all knowed ole miss don't set her min on Miss Mary marryin Marse Will Campbell. He was orful rich, but he war ugly as satan—an dat's a fac'.

"Miss Mary, so sweet lookin dat all de young men in lub wid her, an she didn't care for none ob 'em, only Cap'n Hunter, an she say she gwine marry Jack Hunter or nobody. Ole miss say de Hunters didn't b'long to de fust families, as of Cap'n Hunter 'temped pay any' tention to ary chile ob her'n she 'posed to interfere. So co'se we das'n' let her know 'at Cap'n Hunter war down dar in de cave under de hill wid Long Jim, waiten for me to fetch him a letter from Miss Mary jess if he didn't know she gwine break her neck almost to see hisself. Cap'n Hunter war de grande's lookin man I ever set my eyes on. He eyes fairly dance' when he saw on. He's a jester, tuk Miss Mary up in his arms an hole on to her an promise never let her go no more.

"But she blush all over her face, an he say Jim to take de horse down to the stream to cool him off. So we took de horse up in de woods back ob de cave an tie him to a tree, whils' me an Jim sat down on de grass. Bimeby we heard a big rumblin sound lef' thunder an saw de smoke in de valley an Cap'n Hunter comin runnin o'des us wid Miss Mary lookin like a ghost. Cap'n Hunter kiss her han' an squeeze it tight an say, 'Goodby, little sweethearts,' an she say, 'Goodby, Jack.' Den he jump on his

SYRACUSE'S SAPPHO.

The Woman Who Wants to Be an American Poet Laureate and President.

Syracuse has an aspirant for the position of poet laureate of America. But, being a loyal member of the Union, she does not wish to be called by a title as suggestive of the effete monarchies as "poet laureate" and has therefore declared in favor of "national poetess." She is Mrs. Sarah Ulrich Kelley, and she modestly describes herself as hymn writer and prospective national poetess of the United States, nominated by a very large majority of editors.

Mrs. Kelley is a remarkable woman. She proposes not only to be national poetess, but president as well. She intends to sing herself into glory, dominion and power. As poetess laureate of these great United States it will be but a step to the presidential chair, for by the act which congress must adopt her salary will exceed that of the chief justice of the supreme bench and will be inferior only to that of the president himself. Concerning this vital feature of her set plan, Mrs. Kelley said: "If I were national poet, I should give all my salary away. I will leave the question of compensation to congress, but I want it fixed at \$12,000 a year."

Mrs. Kelley has liberal notions as to the treatment of men when she is president. Her cabinet, she says, will not be composed entirely of men or women, but there will be a fair and equitable compromise. She thinks that Susan B. Anthony's great mistake lies in her attitude toward men.

An example of Mrs. Kelley's poetry, called "Syracuse in a Rainy Day," has some gems of thought. She says, referring to a war claim which she has against the government:

I hope dear congress kindly pays me my just war claim
For what he spent for comrades when he gained
I trust the Fifty-third will appoint me laureate.
I made a great sacrifice. I ought to sit in state.
—New York World.

MORE RESPECT FOR JAPANESE.

Held In Higher Popular Estimation Since Their Victories in Korea.

A local effect of the war in the orient is the increased respect in which the Japanese in and about this city are held. For years their greatest complaint was that they were constantly confounded with the Chinese, whom they hate and despise as an inferior race. Now that the superiority of the Japanese has been brought to the public notice in the most unmistakable manner they have risen many degrees in the public estimation and are no longer hooted and jeered at as "Chinks" or "washed washees." A young Japanese medical student, a graduate of an American college, who lives in a colony of orientals not far from the bridge in Brooklyn, spoke of this to a reporter.

"Nothing could have been of so great benefit to the Japanese in this country," said he, "as our victories in the Chinese war. Our constant struggle here has been to get recognition as a separate race, but even your intelligent classes seemed to make no difference between us and the Mongols. 'Oh, he's a Chinaman or a Japanese or something,' people would say, as if it were all the same thing. But what we might not have been able to secure for a generation this war has done for us in a few months, and we find ourselves recognized as being on the same plane with intelligent Europeans who come over here. The fact is that no other race so soon learns the American customs and language."

Then he related this illustration of the changed feeling toward the Japanese. He was walking along the street when he met two small boys. One of them shouted:

"Get on to the Chink! Hi, Chink, got a washee—N—"

"Shut up, you chump," the other boy said to him. "That ain't no Chink. That's a Jap. You'll git hurt if you fool with them. Them Japs is scrapers."—New York Sun.

It Made Him Light Headed.

Condolated for poet laureate still abound. An Edinburgh bard lately wrote to the first lord of the treasury that he was fully competent to fill the post, and that he was willing to do the work at the old salary. Another aspirant known as the Aberdeen Loome, recently placed his services at the disposal of Lord Rosebery in a letter with this postscript, "If you should happen to have another man in your eye for the laureateship, I will be thankful for a government post of any kind in the meantime, or a suit of your castoff clothes, for that matter."

The letter was acknowledged by Lord Rosebery, who knew better than to wound a poet's sensitive feelings. The result in this case was so lively a celebration on the part of the applicant for the laureateship that he was brought into the police station. In answer to the charge he said: "Excuse me. I had a letter from Lord Rosebery, and it went to my head."—Boston Transcript.

A New Mode of Dueling.

Gil Blas, a lively organ published in Paris, gives a description of a duel in India between two English officers, whose names are given, which it is possible will be the first news that those gentlemen receive of the encounter. It appears that they caused a venomous serpent to be shut up in a dark room.

An hour later the two adversaries simultaneously entered the room by different doors. Ten minutes afterward one of them was bitten and died within a short time. As for the other, whose hair had turned completely white, he is to be court martialled.—London Tit-Bits.

Only Four Left.

Since the death of Holmes there are only four surviving members of the class of 1829 of Harvard—namely, Dr. Edward L. Cunningham of Newport, R. I.; the Rev. Samuel May, the class secretary, of Leicester; the Rev. Samuel F. Smith of Newton, the author of "America," and Charles S. Storror of Boston.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy, a little boy,
In through the lattice the sunlight crept,
Washington did the same that swept
Over the low red trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and seek
With the dimples on each sun-brown cheek—

When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!

For the grace that through the lattice streamed—

Over my folded eyelids seemed

To have the gift of prophecy

And to bring me glimpses of time to be

Where manhood's clarion seemed to call

Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all

When I was a boy—a little boy!

Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

WEBSTER'S SMALL FEES.

The Great Lawyer's Income Was Unusually Limited Even For His Day.

One of our correspondents has been so lucky as to fall in with a little leather covered book, like those of bank depositors, which contains Daniel Webster's autograph record of his legal receipts. This chronicle fills 28 pages and extends a little more than from 1833 to 1834 inclusive.

The silence of the sickroom spread over the whole house. About 10 o'clock the doctor came again and instructed Honor how to alleviate the patient's last hours. All night long she sat watching her dying sister, hand and eye alert to anticipate every which. No word broke the awful stillness.

The first thing in the morning Mercy's married daughter, the only child of hers living in London, arrived to nurse her mother. But Honor indignantly refused to be dispossessed.

"A nice daughter you are," she said, "to leave your mother lay a day and a night without a sight o' your ugly face!"

"I had to look after the good man and the little uns," the daughter pleaded.

"Then what do you mean by deserting them now?" the irate old woman retorted. "First you deserts your mother and then your husband and children. You just go back to them as needs your care. I carried your mother in my arms before you was born, and if she wants any else now to look after her let her just tell me so, and I'll be off in a brace of snakes."

She looked defiantly at the yellow, dried up creature in the bed. Mercy's withered lips twitched, but no sound came from them. Jim, strung up by the situation, took the word. "You can't do no good up here, the doctor says. You might look after the kids down stairs a bit when you can spare an hour, and I've got to go to the shop. I'll send you a telegraph if there's a change," he whispered to the daughter, and she, not wholly discontented to return to her living interests, kissed her mother, lingered a little and then stole quietly away.

All that day the old women lingered together in solemn silence, broken only by the doctor's visit. He reported that Mercy might last a couple of days more. In the evening Jim replaced his sister-in-law, who slept perforated. At midnight she awoke and sent him to bed. The sufferer tossed about restlessly. At 2:30 she awoke, and Honor fed her with some broth as she would have fed a baby. Mercy indeed looked scarcely bigger than an infant, and Honor had the advantage of her only by being puffed out with clothes. A church clock in the distance struck 3. Then the silence fell deeper. The watcher drowsed. The lamp flickered, tossing her shadow about the walls as if she, too, were turning feverishly from side to side. A strange tickling made itself heard in the wainscoting. Mercy sat up with a scream of terror. "Jim," she shrieked. "Jim!"

Honor listened, her blood curdling. Then she went toward the door and opened it. "Jim," she said in low tones, speaking toward the landing, "tell her it's nothing; it's only a mouse. She was always a nervous little thing." And she closed the door softly, and pressing her trembling sister tenderly back on the pillow tucked her up snugly in the blanket.

Next morning, when Jim was really present, the patient begged pathetically to have a grandchild with her in the room, day and night. "Don't leave me alone again," she quavered; "don't leave me alone, with not a soul to talk to." Honor winced, but said nothing. The young child, who did not have to go to school, was brought—a pretty little boy with brown curls, which the sun, streaming through the panes, turned to gold. The morning passed slowly. About noon Mercy took the child's hand and smoothed his curls.

"My sister Honor had golden curly hair like that," she whispered.

"They were in the family, Bobby," Honor answered. "Your granny had them, too, when she was a girl."

There was a long pause. Mercy's eyes were half glazed, but her vision was inward now.

"The mignonette will be grown in the meadows, Bobby," she murmured.

"Yes, and the heartsease," said Honor softly. "We lived in the country, you know, Bobby."

"There is flowers in the country," Bobby declared gravely.

"Yes, and trees," said Honor. "I wonder if your granny remembers when we were lapped for stealing apples?"

"Aye, that I do, Bobby. He, he!" croaked the dying creature, with a burst of enthusiasm. "We were a pair of tomboys. The varmer he ran after us, crying, 'Ye! Ye!' but we wouldn't take no gar. He, he, he!"

Honor wept at the laughter. The native idiom, unheard for half a century made her face shine under the tears. "Don't let your granny excite herself, Bobby. Let me give her a drink." She moved the boy aside, and Mercy's lips automatically opened to the draft.

"Tom was wi' us, Bobby," she gurgled, still vibrating with amusement, "and he tumbled over on the heather. He, he!"

"Tom is dead this 40 year, Bobby," whimpered Honor.

Mercy's head fell back, and an expression of supreme exhaustion came over her face. Half an hour passed. Bobby was called down to dinner. The doctor had been sent for. Suddenly Mercy sat up with a jerk. Mercy bent toward the side of the bed. "Ah, is Honor still there? Kiss me, Bobby." Her hands groped blindly. Honor bent down, and the old woman's withered lips met.

And in that kiss Mercy passed away into the greater silence.—L. Zangwill in Outlook.

A Preposterous Suggestion.

"Why don't you take your new hat off in the theater and let people behind you see?"

"Goodness gracious! What do you think I bought it for?"—Boston Gazette.

His Shirt.

"What do you charge to wash a shirt?" inquired the man at the counter in the laundry.

"What kind of a shirt?" asked the clerk, with his mind on cutting shirts, dress shirts, negligees and the various other possibilities in that line.

"A dirty shirt," replied the man, and the clerk fell in a faint.—Detroit Free Press.

Lived on Water.

Old Lady—Poor man! So you've been living on water for three days. Here's a quarter.

Rollingstone—Yes'm. I was workin me way on a canalboat—Opelika (Ala.) People's Choice.

AT THE MEADOW GATE.

To be here, love, were ever sweet,
With thy fair figure drawing nearer.
Each bending flower that trips thy feet
Has made the dewy pathway dear.

What waiting heart that does not know
The step that quickens in its beating?
When cheeks, though lips are silent, glow
With pleasure, is there need of greeting?

If, dear, thy form with feeling stirs
Till in thine eyes the lovelight flashes
And eyes become love's messengers,
Why prison them in drooping lashes?

—Charles K. Bolton in *Detroit Free Press*.

SOBERING UP IN TURKISH BATHS.

The Bibulous Rounder's Sure Method of Having a Clear Head Next Morning

"Hardly a week passes," said the manager of an up town Turkish bath establishment, the doors of which are never closed, "that we are not called upon to certify to the fact that some gentleman has passed the night with us. The all night business is to a great extent made up from gentlemen who have drunk a little more than is good for them. They do not want to go home in that condition and are anxious to be all right in the morning.

"They come in here, take a sweat, a shampoo, a plunge and a rubdown and are then prepared for a refreshing sleep, awakening in the morning little the worse for the indiscretion of the early evening before. That the explanation of their whereabouts is not satisfactory to wives or parents in many instances I judge from the frequency of application for proof of the same.

"Not long since a lawyer's clerk went over the register of our patrons for a period of two years, and, fortunately perhaps for the gentleman in whose interest the research was made, found his autograph (written quite frequently in a very unsteady hand) over 50 times in that period. I have since heard that this proof prevented the filing of a divorce suit that would have created a sensation within the select 150 of the chosen Four Hundred. I am thinking very seriously of getting up a printed form, like one I am told was once used in a Denver bathhouse, which when filled up would read something like this:

(Seal.) Scrubhard's Turkish Bath
New York, Oct. 1864.
This is to certify that Mr. Small Jay
entered this establishment at 11 p.m.
Oct. 5, and left at 10 a.m. of this date.
J. BROMIDE, M. D.,
Resident Physician.

—New York World.

To Whiten the Hands.

Coarse and red hands may be whitened by using a few grains of chloride of lime added to warm soft water for washing. All rings and bracelets must be removed before this is used, as the chloride of lime will tarnish them. A soap containing this ingredient may be prepared as follows: White powdered castile soap, 1 pound; dry chloride of lime, 1½ to 2 ounces. Mix and beat this up in a mortar to a soft mass with a sufficient quantity of rectified spirit. Divide the mass into tablets and wrap it up in oil silk. It may be scented by adding to the mixture a couple of drams of oil of verbena. In using chloride of lime it is very important to be careful to avoid getting any of the powder into the eyes, as it is exceedingly irritating and may even cause blindness.—Popular Magazine.

Lamont's Hobby.

Politics is Lamont's hobby. Dan would rather talk politics than eat. Mrs. Lamont once told me that she was frequently awakened at night by Dan's talking politics in his sleep. His knowledge of New York politics is encyclopedic. He knows every politician in New York city of any note and could offhand give a good biographical sketch of them all. He knows the name of every member of every congressional, state, senatorial, assembly and county Democratic committee. He's thoroughly familiar with the political history not only of this country and New York, but of every other state in the Union and of every country in Europe. Lamont is not in politics for what there is in it in a financial sense. He's in it simply because he loves it. It's his hobby.—Rochester Post-Express.

Warmth in Old Age.

In old age remember that warmth and an even temperature are just as essential to the welfare of the aged as protein food. Many old persons die from bronchitis, for example, induced by exposure to a temperature which, harmless to the young and middle aged, acts severely on the lungs of the old. The bedroom of an old person should be kept at a heat of not less than 60 degrees, and a naturally chilly should be especially guarded against. In respect of the feeding of the aged, second childhood is like the first childhood. "Little and often" is the motto, and old people should have their food given them in a state of easy digestion, above all things.—New York Dispatch.

Not at Breakfast.

English Sparrow.—Mr. Swallow, join me at breakfast tomorrow. I have invited a company of gay birds, and we will have a jolly time.

Mr. Swallow—Make it dinner, and I will accept. Look at my swallow tail. I don't want to be taken for a Chicago bird.—New York Herald.

Reassured.

"Jonah," expostulated the whale, "do keep still."

"Certainly," answered the famous man, "now that I know where I am. I wasn't sure but I had been caught in a folding bed, don't you know?"—Detroit News-Tribune.

The most splendid pair of shoes on record were those worn by Sir Walter Raleigh on great court occasions. They were of buff leather, covered with precious stones and valued at \$35,000.

In shipping potatoes in extremely cold weather paper inside and outside of the barrel affords the best protection known.

A CUNNING REPTILE.

The Various Clever Devices He Used to Deceive His Discoverer.

A correspondent of The Popular Science News tells the following strange story:

While searching for snails I turned over an old log and disturbed a snake, called by our negroes a "spreading arrow." The tactics pursued by this snake were curious.

First he erected his head and neck

and flattened them out till they seemed

no thicker than cardboard, thus increasing

his apparent size, as he took care

not to be seen edgewise. The shape of

his head changed. It took a pronounced

triangular form—similar to the heads

of our most venomous snakes. Then his

tail, with the aid of a dry leaf, was

proclaiming that it was the tail of a

rat snake.

All this, coupled with an ominous hiss, was calculated to strike terror to the heart of his disturber, as for a moment it did. I regained my courage, however, and began to poke the serpent gently with a stick, and then finding "bluster" of no avail, he sought safety in flight.

Repeated "headings off" showed him how futile were his efforts in that line, and he altered his tactics again. He turned on his back and remained motionless. I threw him six feet from the ground, and so quickly did he turn over that he seemed to strike on his back.

On his back, nothing could induce him to move. Tapping, prodding,

twisting his tail—all were in vain. Then I suspended him from the limb of a tree, retreated a little and watched. At the end of two minutes the reptile moved. Slowly he turned on his spinal column as on an axis, surveyed the premises, and seeing nothing dangerous dropped to the ground and was making off.

At my approach he died again. After sundry proddings, which failed to move him, I rewarded him for his cleverness by giving him the liberty that he certainly had earned.

SEALS ARE FOND OF MUSIC.

And Hunters Use Sweet Sounds to Get Them Within Reach.

"Seals are very fond of music," said G. L. Tompkins of New Bedford, Mass., "and the hunters who pursue them most successfully usually make use of some musical instrument to attract them. I have a distinct recollection of the first seal hunt I ever went on. Early one morning, I, in company with about a dozen others, set out in a rowboat for a spot where the seals were said to be plentiful. The boatmen dipped their oars slowly in the water and sung in unison a weird, wild song in a peculiar undertone. To me, being uninitiated in the sport, this seemed to be a curious accompaniment to a seal hunt, but I was still more surprised when one of the men produced a flute and played on it a quaint, sympathetic air.

"The effect of the music was soon evident, as dozens of seals poked their heads up, some remaining basking on the water, while others clambered up on the ledges of rock, charmed almost to unconsciousness by the music. Steering the boat to the shore, the musician all the while keeping up the plaintive air, one of the men jumped out. He carried with him a huge club and a long sharp knife. Noiselessly creeping to where some of the seals were lying on the rocks listening intently to the music, he dealt one of them a terrible blow on the head with the club, stunning it, and then made short work of the poor animal with his knife. In the same manner we secured 11 fine seals before night."—Se Louis Globe-Democrat.

Shooting in France.

Shooting is probably the most universally popular sport in France. Almost every man is, has been or will be a "chasseur." It is a healthy exercise, inexpensive, since 20 persons can unite to hire the lease of as many acres, and is unattended with risk of disappointment, as the unlucky sportsman can always buy a rabbit at the dealer's to bring home to his wife. The French government annually issues 350,000 licenses, which bring in about £400,000.

The largest number of these permits are delivered in the departments of Gironde, Bordeaux, Bouches du Rhone, Marseilles and Seine et Oise, on account of their nearness to Paris, about 13,000 in each.

The department of the Seine, in which Paris is situated, is responsible only for 9,000 licenses, there being very little real country in it.—London News.

His Meaning Illustrated.

A lawyer was cross questioning a negro witness in one of the justice courts the other day and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"I'm a carpenter, sir."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They call me a jack leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declar, I dunno how ter explain any mo', cept to say hit am jes' de same diffunce 'twixt you and er first class lawyer."—Macona Philadephia Press.

Remarkable Vision.

An old woman who had been in the infirmary with sore eyes told a neighbor that the doctor took out her eyes and scraped them with lances. "Nonsense, woman," replied the other. "Ye shouldn't believe all ye hear. The doctors would only be stuffing ye." "Oh, but ye know it's no use saying that, for I awakened up out of the chloroform and saw both of my eyes lying on the table."—Montreal Star.

It Is Often the Case.

"Mrs. Bolton is looking extremely well. What do you attribute it to?"

"The dressmaker, of course, dear."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

GODS MADE TO ORDER.

The Chinese Variety Are of Both Sexes and All Sizes and Prices.

Chinese josses come from Amoy and Canton, where there are joss factories which supply Celestials with any shape, design or size desired. Josses are either male or female. If the former, they are fat and ungainly; if the latter, they are possessed of four arms.

The making of these images is simplicity itself, the manufacturers relying upon wooden or metal molds. These are filled with wet clay, which dries, then touched up, dipped in molten glaze and allowed to cool. An average workman can make a hundred gods in a day.

The clay used is kaolin and is shaded from red and gray to white and costs about a cent a pound. A good jossmaker can earn from 20 to 40 cents a day, while an image costs to make on an average about 3 cents. Natives pay 5 cents for them; foreigners, \$5. Josses can be made in all colors, opaque, transparent or colorless.

The most effective work is made by painting the clay with thick white paint and then dipping it in the glaze. Chinese curio dealers are very fond of antique josses, as they can be planted and dug up to order from the time of Confucius to the present day.

The most popular is the "black joss." This is made by painting a kaolin cast with paint made of tar, bitumen, shellac or varnish, wrapping it in paper and then firing it in a furnace. In this way any shade of black can be obtained, and the color burns through, as can be

WHERE THE BRAVEST QUAKE.

And Often the Anticipation Is Worse Than the Realization.

Most men will face a gatling gun with less nervousness than they will a dentist. It is hard to say why, but a dentist's chair is a more terrible object to the average mortal than a surgeon's operating table, and nearly every dentist can tell stories of ordinarily courageous men who have backed out of an engagement at the last minute.

One young Chicagoan, with plenty of nerve ordinarily, knows of a dentist whom he studiously avoids on account of a sudden and unaccountable weakening at the critical moment. And the dentist—well, the dentist would probably like to see the young man. The latter had been troubled with a toothache for about a week and at last made up his mind to have the tooth pulled. To prepare himself for the ordeal he took some liberal doses of whisky and then sought out the dentist. The pain of the tooth, combined with the whisky, had put him in a pretty nervous state, and to quiet him the dentist put him up in an operating chair and put a big tumbler of whisky on the table beside him.

"When you are ready, call me," he said. "I have some work to do in the next room."

Half an hour later the dentist looked in and asked:

"Are you ready?"

"Not yet, doctor," replied the patient.

Another half hour went by, and the doctor tried again, but the patient still wanted more time.

Half an hour or so after that the dentist looked in again, and the patient had gone. So had the whisky. The young man had finished the last of it and still found that he had not enough nerve to undergo the ordeal, so he had quietly got down from the chair, secured his hat and sneaked out.

But that is merely an illustration of what fear of a dentist will make a man do.—Chicago Herald.

VENTILATION FOR EVERYBODY.

The Only Method by Which All Kinds of Cranks Can Be Sustained.

One of the greatest difficulties met with in ventilating public buildings and railway cars is to settle the question of how much air shall be admitted or how often the entire cubic contents of an apartment shall be renewed. This from the fact that in the quantity of air required individuals vary greatly. To some the whole ocean of the atmosphere is inadequate, and they do not feel even comfortable unless a Niagara of air is pouring over them.

This is the fresh air field, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

This is the fresh air field, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

This is the fresh air field, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

This is the fresh air field, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

This is the fresh air field, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

This is the fresh air field, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

This is the fresh air field, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

This is the fresh air field, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

This is the fresh air field, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

This is the fresh air field, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.